THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. | REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875. | $3 00 a Year, in Advance. $2 50 with Mounted Chromo. | No. 15.

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DRIFTING.

BY T. FERGUSON.

FIRST VOICE.

Drifting, along the dreary waters drifting,
Night on the waves, and ne'er a star o'erhead—
Never a gleam o'er all the waste uplifting,
Never a ray through all the darkness shed—
Drifting, along the dreary waters drifting!

Whither away, O Soul—across the ocean?
Dark is the night and dang'rous is the sea;
Sweeter were Life with all its wild commotion,
Better were death than Life like this can be.
Whither away, O Soul—across the ocean?

SECOND VOICE.

O Heart, why wilt thou weary me with wailing?
Worn are we both, and wasted with the strife;
Far from the toil and tears] we twain are sailing,
Leaving behind the bitterness of life,
Oh Heart, why wilt thou weary me with wailing?

Be still, sad Heart, and cease thy vain repining;
Be patient, for the night will soon be past;
Somewhere afar a golden shore is shining,
Thither the flood will bear us at the last!
Be still, sad Heart, and cease thy vain repining.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced last week. Back numbers can be had of all Newsdealers throughout the United States.]

CHAPTER IV.

A BLACK SQUALL.

The surprise caused by the disappearance of the strange vessel is but short-lived. It is explained by a very natural phenomenon—a fog. Not the haze already spoken of; but a dense bank of dark vapor, that, drifting over the surface of the sea, has suddenly enveloped the barque within its floating folds. It threatens to do the same with the frigate, as every sailor aboard of her can perceive. But though their surprise is at an end, a sense of undefined fear still holds possession of them. Nor is this on account of the coming fog. That could not frighten men who have dared every danger of the deep, and oft groped their way through icy seas shrouded in almost amphorous darkness.

Their fears spring from a fancy that the other phenomena are not natural. The fog of itself may be; but what brings it on—just then, at a crisis, when they were speculating about the character of the chased vessel—some doubting her honesty, others skeptical of her reality, not a few boldly denouncing her as a phantom? If an accident of nature, certainly a remarkable one—in truth, a strange phenomenon.

The reader may smile at credulity of this kind, but not he who has mixed among the men of the forecastle, whatever the nationality of the ship, and whether merchantman or man-of-war. Not all the training of naval schools, nor the boasted enlightenment of this our age, has fully eradicated from the mind of the canvas-clad mariner, a belief in something more than he has seen, or can see—something outside of nature. To suppose him emancipated from this would be to hold him of higher intelligence than his fellow-men, who stay ashore ploughing the soil as he does the sea. To thousands of these he can point, saying: "Behold the believers in supernatural existences—in spirit-rappings—ay, in very ghosts; this not only in days gone by, but now—now more than ever within memory of man!" Then let not landsmen scoff at such fancies, not a whit more absurd than their own credulous conceits.

Aside from this sort of feeling in the war-ship, there is soon a real and far more serious apprehension, in which all have a share, officers as well as men. A fog is before their eyes—apparently fast approaching. It has curtained the other vessel, spreading over her like a pall, and threatens to do the same with their own. They perceive, also, that it is not a fog of the ordinary kind, but one that portends storm, sudden and violent. For they are threatened by the *black squall* of the Pacific. Enough in the name to cause uneasiness about the safety of their ship, though not of her are they thinking. She is a staunch vessel, and can stand the sea's buffetings. Their anxiety is for their absent shipmates, whose peril all comprehend. They know the danger of the two vessels getting separated in a fog. If they do, what will be the fate of those who have staid behind on the barque? The strange craft has been signalling distress. Is it scarcity of provisions, or the want of water? If so, in either case she will be worse off than ever. It cannot be shortness of hands to work her sails, with these all set! Sickness, then? Some scourge afflicting her crew—cholera or yellow fever? This made probable, by the lieutenant sending back for the doctor—and the doctor only.

Conjecturing ends, and suddenly. The time for action has arrived. The dark cloud comes driving on, and is soon around the ship, lapping her in its damp murky embrace. It clings to her, bulwarks, pours over her canvas still spread, wetting it till big drops rain down upon the deck. It is no longer a question of the surgeon starting forth on his errand of humanity, nor the cutter returning to the becalmed barque. Now there is no more chance of discovering the latter than of finding a needle in a truss of straw.

In such a fog, the finest ship that ever sailed sea, with the smartest crew that ever manned vessel, would be helpless as a man groping his way in Cimmerian darkness. There is no more thought of the barque, and not so much about the absent officers. Out of sight, they are for a time almost out of mind. For on board the frigate every one has now enough to do in looking after himself and his duties. Almost on the instant of her sails being enveloped in vapor, they are struck by a wind coming from a quarter directly opposite to that for which they have been hitherto set.

The voice of her commander, heard thundering through a trumpet, directs canvas to be instantly taken in. The order is executed with the promptness peculiar to men-of-war's-men; and soon after the huge ship is tossing amid tempestuous waves, with only storm sails set. A ship under storm-canvas is a sight always melancholy to the mariner. It tells of a struggle with winds and waves, a serious conflict with the element.

Such is the situation of the British frigate, soon as surrounded by the fog. The sea, lately tranquil, is now madly raging; the waves tempest-lashed, their crests like the manes of white horses in headlong gallop. Amid them the huge war-vessel, but a while before almost motionless, a leviathan, apparently the sea's lord, is now its slave, and soon may be its victim. Dancing like a cork, she is buffeted from billow to billow, or thrown into the troughs between, as if cast there in scorn. Her crew is fully occupied taking care of her, without thought of any other vessel—even one flying a flag of distress. Ere long they may have to hoist the same signal themselves. But there are skilled seamen aboard, who well know what to do—who watch and ward every sea that comes sweeping along. Some of these tumble the big ship about till the steersmen feel her going almost regardless of the rudder.

There are but two courses left for safety, and her captain weighs the choice between them. He must "lie to," and ride out the gale, or "scud" before it. To do the latter might take him away from the strange vessel—now no longer seen—and she might never be sighted by them again. Ten chances to one if she ever would, for *she* may not elect to run down the wind. Even if she did, there would be but slight hope of overhauling her, supposing the storm to continue for any considerable time. The probabilities are that she will lie to. As the frigate's lieutenant will no doubt have control, he will order her sails to be taken in; he would scarce think of parting from that spot.

Thus reflecting, the captain determines to stay where he is. Everything has been made snug, and the ship's head set close to wind.

Still, aboard of her, brave hearts are filled with sad forebodings; not from any fear for themselves, but the safety of their shipmates in the barque. Both of the absent officers are favorites with their comrades of the quarter, as with the crew. So, too, the coxswain who accompanies them. What will be their fate? All are thinking of it, though no one offers a surmise. No one can tell to what they have committed themselves. 'Tis only sure, that in the tempest now raging there must be danger to the strange craft, without counting that signalized by her reversed ensign—without thought of the mystery already enwrapping her. The heart of every man on board the war-ship is beating with humanity, and pulsing with pent-up fear. And while the waves are fiercely assaulting the strong ship—while winds are rattling loud amidst her rigging—a yet louder sound mingles with their monotone. It is given out at regularly measured intervals; for it is the minute-gun which the frigate has commenced firing—not as a signal of distress, asking for assistance, but one of counsel and cheer, seeking to give it. Every sixty seconds, amidst the wild surging of waves, and the hoarse bowling of winds, the louder boom of cannon breaks their harsh continuity.

The night comes down, adding to the darkness, though not much to the dilemma in which the frigate is placed. The fog and storm combined have already made her situation dangerous as might be; it could not well be worse. Both continue throughout the night; and on through all the night she keeps discharging the signal-guns. No one aboard of her thinks of listening for a response. In all probability, there is no cannon—nothing upon the barque that could give it. Close upon the hour of morning, the storm begins to abate, and the clouds to dissipate. The fog seems to be lifting, or drifting off to some other part of the ocean. With hope again dawning comes the dawn of day. The crew of the frigate—every man of them, officers and tars—are upon deck. They stand along the ship's sides, ranged in rows by the bulwarks, looking out across the sea.

There is no fog now—not the thinnest film. The sky is clear as crystal, and blue as a boat-race ribbon fresh unfolded; the sea the same—its big waves no longer showing sharp white crests, but rounded and rolling gently along. Over these the sailors look, scanning the surface. Their gaze is sent to every quarter—every point of the compass. The officers sweep the horizon with their glasses, ranging around the circle where the two blues meet. But neither naked eye nor telescope can discover aught there. Only sea and sky; an albatross with pinions of grander spread; or a tropic bird, its long tail-feathers trailing, trainlike, behind it. No barque, polacca-rigged or otherwise—no ship of any kind—no sign of sail—no canvass except a full set of "courses" which the frigate herself has now set. She is alone upon the ocean—in the mighty Pacific—a mere speck upon its far-stretching illimitable expanse. Every man aboard of her feels this, and feels it with a sense of sadness. But they are silent, each inquiring of himself what has become of the barque, and what has been the fate of their shipmates.

One alone is heard speaking aloud, giving expression to a thought now common to all. It is the sailor who twice uttered the prediction, which he again repeats—only changing it to the assertion of a certainty. With a group gathered around him, he says: "Shipmates; we'll never see that lieutenant again, nor the young reefer, nor the old cox'n—never!"

CHAPTER V.

A BRACE OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

Scene, San Francisco, the capital of California. Time, the autumn of 1849; several weeks antecedent to the chase described.

HERBERT'S TWO COURTSHIP'S.—(See fourth page.)

A singular city the San Francisco of 1849; very different from what it is today, and equally unlike what it was twelve months before the aforesaid date, when the obscure village of Yerba Buena yielded up its name, along with its site, entering on what may be termed a second genesis.

The little village, port of the Mission Dolores, built of sun-dried bricks—its pretty commerce in hides and tallow represented by two or three small craft annually visiting it—wakes up one morning to behold whole fleets of ships come crowding through the Golden Gate, and dropping their anchor in front of its wharfless strand. They come from all parts of the Pacific, from all the other oceans, from the ends of the earth, carrying every kind of flag known to the nations. The whaleman, late harpooning "fish" in the Arctic, with him who has been chasing "cachalot" in the Pacific and Indian; the merchantman standing towards Australia, China, or Japan; the trader among the South Sea Islands; the coaster of Mexico, Chili, and Peru; men-o'-war of every flag and fashion—frigates, corvettes, and double-deckers; even Chinese junks and Malayan prahus—are seen sailing into San Francisco Bay, and coming to beside the beach of Yerba Buena.

What has caused this grand spreading of canvas, and commingling of queer craft? What is still causing it, for still they come? The answer lies in a little word of four letters; the same that from the beginning of man's activity on earth has moved him to many things, too oft to deeds of evil—*gold*. Some eighteen months before, the Swiss *emigre* Sutter, scouring out his mill-race on a tributary of the Sacramento river, observes shining particles among the mud. Taking them up, and holding them in the hollow of his hand, he feels that they are heavy, and sees them to be of golden sheen. And gold they prove, when submitted to the test of the alembic. The son of Helvetia discovers the precious metal in grains and nuggets, interspersed with the silt of a fluvial deposit. They are not the first found in California, but the first coming under the eyes of Saxon settlers — men imbued with the energy to collect and carry them to the far-off outside world.

Less than two years have elapsed since the digging of Sutter's mill-race. Meantime, the specks that scintillated in its ooze have been transported over the ocean, and exhibited in the great cities—in the windows of brokers and bullion-merchants. The sight has proved sufficient to thickly people the banks of the Sacramento—hitherto sparsely settled—and cover San Francisco Bay with ships from every quarter of the globe. Not only is the harbor of Yerba Buena crowded with strange craft, but its streets with queer characters—adventurers of every race and clime—among whom may be heard an exchange of tongues, the like never listened to since the abortive attempt at building the tower of Babel. The Mexican mud-walled dwellings disappear; swallowed up and lost amidst the modern surrounding of canvas tents, and weather board houses, that have risen as by magic around them. A like change has taken place in their occupancy. No longer the tranquil interiors—the *tertulia*, with guests sipping aniseed, curacoa, and Canario—munching sweet cakes and *confituras*. Instead, the houses inside now ring with boisterous revelry, smelling of mint and Monongahela; and, though the guitar still tinkles, it is almost inaudible amid the louder strains of clarionet, fiddle, and trombone.

What a change in the traffic of the streets! No more silent at certain hours deserted for the *siesta;* at others, trodden by sandalled monks and shovel-hatted priests — both bold of gaze, when passing the dark eyed damsels in high shell combs and black silk mantillas; bolder still, saluting the brown-skinned daughter of the aboriginal wrapped in her blue-gray *reboso*. Trodden, too, by garrison soldiers in uniforms of French cut and color; by officer glittering in gold lace; by townsman in cloak of broadcloth; the country gentleman (hacendado) on horseback; and the herdsmen, or small farmers (rancheros,) in their splendid Californian costume. Some of these are still seen, but not as of yore, swaggering and conspicuous. Amid the concourse of new-comers they move timidly; jostled by rough men in red flannel shirts, buckskin and blanket coats, with pistols in their belts, and knives hanging handy along their hips. Others equally formidable in Guernsey frocks, or wearing the dreadnought jacket of the sailor; not a few scarcely clothed at all, shrouding their nakedness in such rags as remain after a long journey overland, or a longer voyage by sea. In all probability, since its beginning, the world never witnessed so motley an assemblage of men tramping through the streets of a seaport town as those seen in Yerba Buena, just baptized San Francisco, A. D. 1849. And perhaps never a more varied display of bunting in one bay.

In all certainty, harbor never had so large a number of ships with so few men to man them. At least one-half are crewless, and a large proportion of the remainder nearly so. Many have but their captain and mates, with, it may be, the carpenter and cook. The sailors are ashore, and but few of them intend returning aboard. They have either gone off to the gold diggings, or are going. There has been a general *debandade* among the Jack-tars—leaving many a merry forecastle in forlorn and silent solitude.

In this respect, there is a striking contrast between the streets of the town and the ships in its harbor. In the former, an eager throng, pushing, jostling, surging noisily along, with all the impatience of men half-mad; in the latter, tranquility, inaction, the torpor of lazy life, as if the ships—many of them splendid craft—were but hulks laid up for good, and never again going to sea. Some never did. Yet not all the vessels in San Francisco Bay are crewless. A few still have their complement of hands—these being mostly men-of-war. The strict naval discipline prevents desertion, though it need strategy to assist. They ride at anchor far out beyond swimming distance from the beach, and will not allow shore boats to approach them. The tar who attempts to take French leave, will have a severe swim for it; and perchance get a shot which will send him to the bottom of the sea. With this menace constantly before his mind, even California's gold does not tempt him to run the gauntlet.

Among the craft keeping up this iron discipline is one that bears the British flag—a man-of-war, conspicuous by her handsome hull and clean tapering spars. Her sails are stowed snug, lashed neatly along the yards; in her rigging not a rope out of place. Down upon her decks, white as holystone can make them, the same regularity is observable. Every rope is coiled or trimly turned upon its belaying-pin. It could not be otherwise with the frigate Crusader, commanded by Captain Bracebridge, a sailor of the old school, who takes a pride in his ship. He still retains his crew, every one of them. There is not a name on the frigate's books but has its representative in a live sailor, who can either be seen upon her decks, or at any moment summoned thither by the whistle of the boatswain. Though even if left to themselves but few of them would care to desert; gold itself cannot lure them to leave a ship where things are so agreeable: for Captain Bracebridge does all in his power to make matters pleasant, for men as well as officers. He takes care that the former get good grub, and plenty of it, including full rations of grog. He permits them to have amusements among themselves; while the officers treat them to *tableaux-vivants*, charades, and private theatricals. To crown all, a grand ball has been given aboard the ship, in anticipation of her departure from the port—an event near at hand. This, in return for an entertainment of like kind, given by some citizens in honor of her officers; at which more than one of the latter made acquaintances they would wish to meet again—two of them desiring it with longings of a special kind. In other words, two of the frigate's officers have fallen in love with a brace of shore damsels, with whom they have danced, and done some flirting.

It is the third day after the ball, and these two officers are standing upon the poop-deck, conversing about it. They are apart from their comrades—purposely, since their speech is confidential. They are both young men; the elder of them, Crozier, being a year or two over twenty; while the younger Cadwallader, is almost as much under it. Crozier has passed his term of probationary service, and is now a "mate;" while the other is still a "midshipmite." And a type of this last, just as Marryat would have made him, is Willie Cadwallader; bright face, light colored hair, curling over cheeks ruddy as the bloom upon a ripe peach. He is Welsh, with those eyes of turquoise blue often observed in the descendants of the Cymri; and hair of a hue seen nowhere else—threads of gold commingled with tissue of silver.

Quite different is Edward Crozier, who hails from an ancestral hall standing in the shire of Salop. His hair, also curling, is dark brown. His complexion corresponding, and a pair of moustaches, already well grown, lie like leeches along his lips, the tips turned upward. An aquiline nose and broad jaw-blades denote resolution—a character borne out by the glance of an eye that never shows quailing. He is of medium size, with a figure denoting great strength, and capable of carrying out any resolve his mind may make; the shoulders square-set, breast well bowed out, the arms and limbs in perfect proportion. In point of personal appearance, he is the superior; though both are handsome fellows, each in his own style. And as the styles are different, so are their dispositions—these rather contrasting. Crozier is of a serious, sedate turn; and, though anything but morose, rarely given to mirth. From the face of Cadwallader the laugh is scarcely ever absent, and the dimple on his cheek—to employ a printer's phrase—appears stereotyped. With the young Welshman a joke might be carried to extremes, but he would only seek his *revanche* by a lark of like kind. With him of Salop, practical jesting would be dangerous, and might end in stern resentment—perhaps in a duel. Notwithstanding this difference of disposition, the two are fast friends; a fact perhaps due to the dissimilitude of their natures. When not separated by their respective duties, they keep together aboard ship, and together go ashore; and now, for the first time in the lives of both, have commenced making love together. Fortune has favored them in this: that they are not in love with the same lady. Still further, that their sweethearts do not dwell apart, but live under one roof, and belong to one family. They are not sisters, for all that; nor yet cousins, though standing in a certain relationship. One is the aunt of the other. Such kinship might augur inequality in their age. There is none, however, or only a very little. Not so much as between the young officers themselves. The aunt is but a year, or so, the senior of her niece. And as Fate has willed, the lots of the lovers have been cast in the proper symmetry and proportion. Crozier is in love with the former—Cadwallader with the latter.

Their sweethearts are both Spanish, of the purest blood, the boasted *sangre azul*. They are respectively daughter and grand-daughter of Don Gregorio Montijo, whose house can be seen from the ship: a mansion of imposing appearance, in the Mexican *hacienda* style, standing upon the summit of a hill, at some distance inshore, and southward from the town. While conversing, the young officers have their eyes upon it—one of the two assisting his vision with a binocular. It is Cadwallader who uses the instrument.

Holding it to his eye, he says: "I think I can see them, Ned. At all events, there are two heads on the house-top, just showing over the parapet. I'll take odds it's them, the dear girls. I wonder if they see us?"

"Not unless, like yourself, they are provided with telescopes."

"By Jove! I believe they've got them.

I see something that glances in the hands of one; my Inez, I'll warrant."

"More likely it's my Carmen. Give me the glass. For all those blue eyes you're so proud of, I can sight a sail farther than you."

"A sail, yes; but not a pretty face, Ned. No, no; you're blind to beauty, else you'd never have taken on to that old aunt, leaving the niece to me. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Old, indeed! She's as young as yours, if not younger. One tress of her bright amber hair is worth a whole head of your sweetheart's black stuff. Look at this!" Crozier draws out a lock of hair, and unfolding, shakes it tauntingly before the other's eyes. In the sun it gleams golden, with a radiance of red; for it is amber, as he has styled it.

"Look at this!" cries Cadwallader, also exhibiting a tress. "You thought nobody but yourself could show love-locks. There's a bit of hair, that to yours, is as costly silk alongside cheap common cotton."

For an instant each stands caressing his particular tress, then both burst into laughter, as they stow away their separate favors.

Crozier, in turn, taking the binocular, directs it on the house of Don Gregorio; after a time saying:

"About one thing you're right, Will; those heads are the same from which we've got our love-locks. Ay, and they're looking this way, through glasses. They'll be expecting us soon. Well; we'll be with them, please God, before many minutes. Then, you'll see how much superior bright amber is to dull black—anywhere in the world, but especially in the light of a Californian sun."

"Nowhere, under either sun or moon. Give me the girl with the raven hair!"

"For me, her with the golden bronze!"

"Well, *cada uno a su gusto* (every one to his liking), as my sweetheart has taught me to say in her soft Andalusian. But now, Ned, talking seriously, do you think the governor will allow us to go ashore?"

"He must, and I know he will."

"How do you know it?"

"Bah! *ma bohil*, as our Irish second would say. You're the son of a poor Welsh squire—good blood, I admit. But I chance to be heir to twice ten thousand a year, with an uncle in the Admiralty. I have asked leave for both of us. So, don't be uneasy about our getting it. Captain Bracebridge is no snob; but he knows his own interests, and won't refuse our fair request. See! there he is—coming this way. Now for his answer—affirmative, you may rely upon it."

"Gentlemen," says the captain, approaching, "I give you leave to go ashore for the day. The gig will take you, landing wherever you wish. You are to send the boat back, and give the coxswain orders where, and when, he's to await you on your return to the ship. Take my advice, and abstain from drink, which might get you into difficulties. As you know, just now San Francisco is full of all sorts of queer characters—a very Pandemonium of a place. For the sake of the service, and the honor of the uniform you wear, steer clear of scrapes—and above all, give a wide berth to women."

After thus delivering himself, the captain turns on his heel, and retires—leaving the young officers to their meditations. They do not meditate long; the desired leave has been granted, and the order given for the gig to be got ready. The boat is in the water, her crew swarming over the side, and seating themselves upon the thwarts. The young officers only stay to give a finishing touch to their toilet, preparatory to appearing before eyes, of whose critical glances both have more fear than they would the fire from a broadside of great guns. This arranged, they drop down the man-ropes, and seat themselves in the sternsheets, Crozier commanding the men to shove off. Soon the frigate's gig is gliding over the tranquil waters of San Francisco Bay; not in the direction of the wharf-landing, but towards a point on the shore, to the south of, and some distance outside the suburbs of the city. For the beacon towards which they steer is the house of Don Gregorio Montijo.

CHAPTER VI.

A PAIR OF SPANISH SENORITAS.

Don Gregorio Montijo is a Spaniard, who, some ten years previous to the time of which we write, found his way into the Republic of Mexico; afterwards moving on to "Alta California." Settling by San Francisco Bay, he became a stock-farmer—the industry in those days chiefly followed by Californians. His grazing estate gives proof that he has prospered. Its territory extends several miles along the bay, and several leagues backward, its boundary in this direction being the shore of the South Sea itself; while a thousand head of horses, and ten times the number of horned cattle, roam over its rich pastures. His house stands upon the summit of a hill that rises above the bay—a sort of spur projected from higher ground behind, and trending at right angles to the beach, where it declines into a low-lying sand-pit. Across this runs the shore road, southward from the city to San Jose, cutting the ridge midway between the walls of the house and the water's edge, at some three hundred yards' distance from each.

The dwelling, a massive quadrangular structure—in that semi-moriscan style of architecture imported into New Spain by the Conquistadores—is but a single story in height, having a flat terraced roof, and an inner court, approached through a grand gate entrance, centrally set in the front facade, with a double-winged door wide enough to admit the chariot of Sir Charles Grandison.

Around a Californian country-house there is rarely much in the way of ornamental grounds—even though it be a *hacienda* of the first class. And when the headquarters of a grazing estate, still less; its inclosures consisting chiefly of "corrals" for the penning and branding of cattle, usually erected in the rear of the dwelling. To this almost universal nakedness the grounds of Don Gregorio offer some exception. He has added a fence, which, separating them from the highroad, is penetrated by a portalled entrance, with an avenue that leads straight up to the house. This, strewn with snow-white sea-shells, is flanked on each side by a row of *manzanita* bushes—a beautiful indigenous evergreen. Here and there, a clump of California bays, and some scattered peach-trees, show an attempt, however slight, at landscape gardening.

Taking into account the grandeur of his house, and the broad acres attached to it, one may well say, that in the New World Don Gregorio has done well. And, in truth, so has he—thriven to fulness. But he came not empty from the Old; having brought with him sufficient cash to purchase a large tract of land, as also the horses and horned cattle with which to stock it. No needy adventurer he, but a gentleman by birth; one of Biscay's bluest blood—hidalgos since the days of the Cid.

In addition to his ready-money, he also brought with him a wife—Biscayan as himself—and a daughter, who at the time was but a child. His wife has been long ago buried; a tombstone in the cemetery of the old Dolores Mission commemorating her many virtues. Since, he has had an accession to his contracted family circle; the added member being a grand-daughter, only a year younger than his daughter, but equally well grown—both having reached the ripest age of girlhood. It is not necessary to say that these young ladies, thus standing in the relationship of aunt and niece, are the two with whom Edward Crozier and Willie Cadwallader have respectively fallen in love.

While these young officers are on the way to pay them the promised visit, a word may be said about their personal appearance. Though so closely allied, and nearly of an age, in other respects the two girls differ so widely, that one unacquainted with the fact would not suspect the slightest kinship between them.

The aunt, Dona Carmen, is of pure Biscayan blood, both by her father's and mother's side. From this she derives her blonde complexion, with that color of hair so pleasing to the sight of Edward Crozier; with blue-gray eyes, known as Irish, the Basques and Celts being a kindred race. From it, also, she inherits a cheerful, smiling countenance, with just enough of roguery in the smile to cause a *soupcon* of coquettishness. Her Biscayan origin has endowed her with a figure of fine, full development, withal in perfect feminine proportion, while her mother has transmitted to her what, in an eminent degree, she herself possessed, facial beauty.

In the daughter its quality has not deteriorated, but perhaps improved. For the benignant clime of California has this effect—the soft breezes of the South Sea fanning as fair cheeks as were ever kissed by Tuscan or Levantine wind.

It is not necessary to describe Dona Carmen Montijo in detail. A chapter might be devoted to her many charms, and still not do them justice. Enough to say that they are beyond cavil, and that there are men in San Francisco who would dare death for her sake, if sure of a smile from her to show approval of the deed. Ay, one who would for as much do murder. And in that same city is one who would do the same for her niece, Inez Alvarez, though she has neither a blonde complexion, blue eyes, nor amber-colored hair. In all three different—the first being *morena* or brunette, the second black as jet, the last as raven's plumes. But she has also beauty, of the type immortalized by many bards—Byron among the number, when he wrote his rhapsody on the "Girl of Cadiz."

Inez is herself a girl of Cadiz, of which city her father was a native. The Conde Alvarez, an officer in the Spanish army, serving with his regiment in Biscay, there saw a face that charmed him. It belonged to the daughter of Don Gregorio Montijo—his eldest and first-born, some eighteen years antecedent to the birth of Carmen, his last.

The count wooed the Biscayan lady, won, and bore her away to his home in Andalusia. Both he and she have gone to their long account, leaving their only child, Inez, inheritress of a handsome estate. From her father, in whose veins ran Moorish blood, she inherits her jet-black eyes, having lashes nearly half an inch in length, and above them brows shaped like the moon in the middle of her first quarter. Though in figure more slender than her aunt, she is quite Carmen's equal in height, and in this may yet excel, since she has not yet attained her full stature. The death of her parents accounts for her being in California, whither she has has come to be under the protection of the father of her mother. She has been there but a short time, and although all the while lovers have been sighing around her, she longs to return to her own Andalusia.

As already said, Don Gregorio's dwelling is flat-roofed, its top, in Spano-Mexican phrase, termed the *azotea*. This surrounded by a parapet breast high, is beset with plants and flowers in boxes and pots, thus forming a sort of aerial garden, reached by a stone stair—the *escalera*—which leads up out of the inner court, called *patio*. During certain hours of the day, the azotea is a favorite resort, being a pleasant place of dalliance, as also the finest for observation—commanding, as it does, a view of the country at back, and the broad bay in front. To look upon the last have the two "senoritas," on this morning ascended—soon after breakfast, in all parts of Spanish America partaken at the somewhat late hour of 11 A. M.

That they do not intend staying there long, is evident from the character of their dresses. Both are costumed and equipped for the saddle; having hats of vicuna wool on their heads, riding-whips in their hands, and spurs on their heels; while in the courtyard below stand four horses, saddled and bridled, champing their bits, and impatiently striking the pavement with their hoofs. Since all the saddles are such as should be ridden by men, it may be supposed only men are to be mounted, and that the ladies' horses have not yet been brought out of the stable. This would naturally be the conjecture of a stranger to Spanish California. But one *au fait* to its fashions would draw his deductions differently. Looking at the spurred damsels upon the house-tops, and the saddled horses below, he would conclude that at least two of the latter were intended to be ridden by the former; in that style of equitation with which the fame Duchesse de Berri was accustomed to astonish the people of Paris. The other two horses, having larger and somewhat coarser saddles, are evidently designed for gentlemen; so that the cavalcade will be symmetrically composed—two and two of each sex. The gentlemen have not yet put in an appearance; but who they are may be learnt by listening to the dialogue passing between the two senoritas. From their elevated position they can see the rapidly growing city of San Francisco, and the shipping in its harbor. This is northeast, and a little to their left. But there are several vessels riding at anchor just out in front of them. One, a war-ship, towards which the eyes of both keep continuously turning, as though in expectation to see a boat put off from her side. As yet none such has been seen; and withdrawing her gaze from the war-ship, Inez opens the conversation by asking her aunt a question:

"Is it really true that we're going back to Spain?"

"Quite true: and I'm sorry for it."

"Why should you be sorry?"

"Why! There are many reasons."

"Give one!" challenges the niece.

"I could give twenty."

"One will be sufficient—if good."

"They're all good," gravely rejoins the aunt.

"Let me hear them, then."

"First of all, I like California—I love it, its fine climate, and bright blue skies."

"Not a bit brighter, or bluer, than those of Spain."

"Ten times brighter, and ten times bluer. The skies of the Old World are to those of the New as lead to *lapis lazuli*. In that repect, neither Spain nor Italy can compare with California. Its seas, too, are superior. Even the boasted Bay of Naples would be but a little lake alongside this noble sheet of water, far stretching before our eyes. Look at it!"

"Looking at it through *your* eyes, I might think so—not through mine. For my part, I see nothing in it to be so much admired."

"But something *on* it; for instance, that grand ship out yonder. Come, now, confess the truth! Isn't that something to admire?"

"But that does not belong to the Bay," replies the Andalusian.

"No matter; it's on it now, and in it—the ship, I mean, somebody who, if I mistake not, has very much interested somebody else—a certain Andalusian damsel, by name Inez Alvarez."

"Your words will answer as well for a Biscayan damsel, by name Carmen Montijo."

"Suppose I admit it, and say yes? Well; I will. There *is* one in yonder ship who has very much interested me. Nay, more; I admire, ay, love him! You see I'm not ashamed to confess what the world seems to consider a woman's weakness. We Biscayans don't keep secrets as you Andalusians. For all, *sobrina*, you haven't kept yours, though you tried hard enough. I saw from the first you were smitten with that young English officer who has hair the exact color of a fox squirrel."

"It isn't anything of the kind. His hair is a thousand times of a prettier hue than that of the other English officer, who's taken your fancy, *tia*."

"Nothing to compare with it. Look at this. There's a curl, one of the handsomest that ever grew on the head of man! Dark and glossy, like the coat of a fur-seal. Beautiful! I could kiss it over and over again!"

While speaking, she does so.

"And look at this!" cries the other, also drawing forth a lock of hair, and displaying it in the sunlight. "See how it shines—like tissue of gold! Far prettier than that you've got, and better worth kissing."

Saying which she imitates the example her aunt has set her, by raising the tress to her lips, and repeatedly kissing it.

"So, so, my innocent!" exclaims Carmen, "you've been stealing too?"

"As yourself."

"And I suppose you've given him a love-lock in exchange?"

"Have you?"

"I have. To you, Inez, I make no secret of it. Come, now! Be equally candid with me. Have you done so?"

"I've done the same as yourself."

"And has your heart gone with the gift? Tell the truth, *sobrina*."

"Ask your own, *tia;* and take its answer for mine."

"Enough, then; we understand each other, and shall keep the secret to ourselves. Now, let's talk of other things; go back to what we began with—about leaving California. You're glad we're going?"

"Indeed, yes. And I wonder you're not the same. Dear old Spain, the finest country on earth; and Cadiz the finest city."

"Well, *cada uno a su gusto* (every one to his liking). But about that we two differ. Give me California for a country, and San Francisco for a home, though it's not much of a city yet. It will be, ere long, and I should like to stay in it. But that's not to be, and there's an end of it. Father has determined on leaving. Indeed, he has already sold out, so that this house and the lands around it are no longer ours. As the lawyers have made out the deed of transfer, and the money has been paid down, we're only here on sufferance, and must soon yield possession. Then we're to take ship for Panama, go across the Isthmus, and over the Atlantic Ocean, once more to renew the Old World life, with all its stupid ceremonies. Oh! I shall sadly miss the free wild ways of California—its rural sports, with their quaint originality and picturesqueness. I'm sure I shall die of *ennui* soon after reaching Spain. Your Cadiz will kill me."

"But, Carmen, surely you can't be happy here, now that everything is so changed? Why we can scarcely walk out in safety, or take a promenade through the streets of the town, crowded with those rude fellows in red shirts, who've come to search for gold—Anglo-Saxons, as they call themselves."

"What! You speaking against Anglo-Saxons! And with that tress treasured in your bosom—so close to your heart!"

"Oh! *he* is different. He's not Saxon, but Celtic, the same as you Biscayans. Besides, he isn't to be ranked with that rabble, even though he were of the same race. The Senor Cadwallader is a born hidalgo."

"Admitting him to be, I think you do wrong to these red-shirted gentry, in calling them a rabble. Rough as is their exterior, they have gentle hearts under their coarse homespun coats. Many of them are true bred and born gentlemen, and, what's better, behave as such. I have never received insult from them, not even disrespect, though I've been beside them scores of times. Father wrongs them, too, for it is partly their presence here that's causing him to leave California, as so also many others of our old families. Still, as we reside in the country, at a safe distance from town, we might enjoy immunity from meeting *los barbaros*, as our people are pleased contemptuously to style them. For my part, I love dear old California, and will greatly regret leaving it. Only to think—I shall never more behold the gallant *vaquero*, mounted on his magnificent steed, careering across the plain, and launching his lasso over the horns of a fierce wild bull, ready to gore him if he but miss his aim. Ah! it's one of the finest sights in the world—so exciting, in this dull, prosaic age. It recalls the heroic days and deeds of the Great Conde, the Campeador, and Cid. Yes, Ines, only in this modern transatlantic land—out here, on the shores of the South Sea—do there still exist customs and manners to remind one of the old knight-errantry and times of the troubadours."

"What an enthusiast you are! But, apropos of your knights-errant, yonder are two of them, if I mistake not, making this way. Now fancy yourself on the donjon of an ancient Moorish castle, salute, and receive them accordingly. Ha! ha! ha!"

The clear ringing laugh of the Andalusian is not echoed by the Biscayan. Instead, a shadow steals over her face, as her eyes become fixed upon two figures distinguishable as men on horseback.

"True types of your Californian *chivalry*," adds Inez, ironically.

"True types of Californian *villainy!*" rejoins Carmen, in earnest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN ORIGIN OF THE CHINESE.

The colonization of the American Continent from the "Old World," so called, is one of the common places of historical speculation; the colonization of a large portion of the "Old World" from America is a theory of more recent origin, and yet perhaps as plausible as the one which it is intended to supplant. At a meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Mr. Charles Wolcott Brooks read a paper on the "Origin of the Chinese Race," in which he very learnedly set forth the evidence of their American origin. The author's thesis is supported by a great multitude of facts, but the space at our command will admit only of the barest outline of his argument. According to Chinese annals, Tai Ko Fokee, the great stranger king, ruled the kingdom of China. In pictures he is represented with two small horns, like those associated with the representations of Moses. He and his successor are said to have introduced into China "picture-writing," like that in use in Central America at the time of the Spanish conquest. He taught the motions of the heavenly bodies, and divided time into years and months: he also introduced many other useful arts and sciences.

Now, there has been found at Copan, in Central America, a figure strikingly like the Chinese symbol of Fokee, with his two horns, and in like manner there is a close resemblance between the Central American and the Chinese figures representing earth and heaven. Either one people learned from the other, or both acquired these forms from a common source. Many physico-geographical facts favor the hypothesis that they were derived in very remote ages from America, and that from China they passed to Egypt. Chinese records say that the progenitors of the Chinese race came from across the sea. But the Pacific is a wide ocean to cross, and favoring winds must have been taken advantage of to carry the emigrants from shore to shore. Mr. Brooks then explained the action of the southeastern and northeastern trade-winds, and argued that, if large junks started from the coast of Peru and kept before the wind, they would in all probability strike the southern coast of China. America is geologically the oldest continent; if so, why not the first period? When in the development of America her progress was sufficient to facilitate emigration, why may she not have given a population to Asia? If the primitive races of this continent have died out and their memorials crumbled away, this is a strong argument in favor of the antiquity of the human race here: in more recent Asia traces still remain of original races.

LIGHT AND THE COMPLEXION.

The action of light on the human skin is manifest. It browns and tans the teguments by calling out the productions of the coloring matter they contain. The parts of the body usually bare, as the skin of the face and hands, are darker than others. In the same region, country people are more tanned than town residents. In latitudes not far apart the inhabitants of the same country vary in complexion in a measure perceptibly related to the intensity of solar light. In Europe three varieties of color in the skin are distinctly marked—olive brown, with black hair, beard and eyes; chestnut, with tawny beard and bluish eyes; blonde, with fair beard and sky-blue eyes. White skins show more readily alterations occasioned by light and heat; but, though less striking, facts of variation in color are observable in others. The Scytho-Arabic race has but half its representatives in Europe and Central Asia, while the remainder passes down to the Indian Ocean, continuing to show the gradual raising of climate by deepening brown complexion. The Himalayan Hindoos are almost white; those of the Deccan of Coromandel, Malabar and Ceylon are darker than some negro tribes. The Arabs, olive and almost fair in Armenia and Syria, are deep brown in Muscat.

The Egyptians, as we go from the mouth of the Nile up stream to its source, present an ascending chromatic scale, from white to black, and the same is true of the Tuariks, on the southern side of the Atlas, who are only light olive, while their brethern in the interior of Africa are black. The ancient monuments of Egypt show us a fact equally significant. The men are always depicted of a reddish brown—they live in the open air, while the women, kept shut up, have a pale yellow complexion. Barrow asserts that the Mantchoo Tartars have grown whiter during their abode in China. Remusat, Pallas and Gutzlaff speak of the Chinese women as remarkable for European fairness. The Jewesses of Cairo or Syria, always hidden under veils in their houses, have a pallid color. In the yellow races of the Sumatra Sound and the Maldives, the women, always covered up, are pale like wax. We know, too, that the Esquimaux bleach during the long winter. These phenomena, no doubt, are the results of several influences arising at once, and light does not play the sole part in them. Heat and other conditions of the medium probably have a share in these operations of color. Still the peculiar and powerful effect of luminous radiation as a part of them is beyond dispute.

ABOVE all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste.

MY DEAD.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Up from the river, the blue placid river.
Mists are curling slow;
Down in the valleys, the sunny green valleys,
Brooks are murmuring low.

On meadow banks cool, on meadow banks dewy,
Buttercups rear their golden heads;
While in every dingle, every deep, shady dingle,
Violets nestle in mossy beds.

Over all the world, this beautiful world,
A halo of sunshine floats,
While every lake, every calm still lake,
Is peopled with fairy boats.

Yet I toil and watch, so drearily watch,
For the eyes so tenderly blue;
For the smiling lips, the ripe red lips,
Like a cherry cleft in two.

For the soft, bright hair, the golden hair,
That veiled an innocent face;
For the modest ways, the womanly ways—
My darling's crowning grace.

The meadow-brooks murmur, the meadow-brooks sing,
The sun shines on, as of old;
But my lost one sleeps, yes, deeply sleeps,
Beneath the treacherous mould.

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 9, Vol. 55. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JEWEL LOST AGAIN.

The bell rang with a quick, imperative motion before she could reach it, and trying the handle and key at once, Rhoda confronted not her sister, but Barbara, Miss St. Croix's maid.

She looked at the young girl with an increase of her old suspicion and dislike, and asked, curtly:

"Where is Norah? I want to see her at once."

"She has gone to Courtland Terrace," replied Rhoda, in a much meeker manner than she had ever before assumed to her visitor. "She wanted to see you, and has been gone quite long enough to be back by this time."

"I have come directly from home and she was not there," said Barbara, fixing her eyes searchingly on Rhoda, who stood their gaze quietly, but looked anxious and distressed.

"Where can she be? Oh, I wish she had allowed me to go with her!" she exclaimed.

"What did she go for? She knew I was coming here, and should have waited for me," said Barbara, sharply.

"She went to attend to most important business, to try and vindicate——"

Rhoda had got so far, when she saw her mother's startled face at the sitting-room door.

"Are you talking of Norah?" she inquired, looking from Barbara to Rhoda in perplexity and dawning alarm. "Something must be the matter, and you're trying to hide it from me; come in and let me know it all, I beg of you."

Rhoda glanced with swift appeal at Barbara, and endeavoring to assume an easy air, laughed and called her mother nervous.

"Norah and Barbara have missed each other on the way, it seems, that's all, and I am just inviting her in to wait awhile. It cannot be long till she returns."

The waiting woman stood irresolute for a few seconds, then slowly followed the mother and daughter into the parlor and took a chair.

"It is late, later than you think; your clock is slow," she said, after an awkward silence that no one seemed inclined to break.

Mrs. Eldrige glanced up at the mantelpiece and exclaimed:

"Why, it is stopped, Rhoda. I heard it strike nine as Norah closed the back door going out, and it's pointing to that hour now."

"It is nearly eleven." Barbara's voice, as she said this, had a strangely hollow tone, and her face looked white and solemn.

"Gone two hours!" exclaimed Rhoda. "Oh, it can't be that long since she went: she only wanted to see you, and not finding you, she should have come directly back."

"Had she gone there I should have seen her," said Barbara, in a deep voice, with her eyes bent on the carpet.

"Where else could she go?" cried Rhoda, excitedly, and forgetting the promise she had given Norah to keep their trouble a secret from their mother "She had the diamond with her, and she would not rest until she had placed it in your hands."

Barbara turned upon her quickly.

"Then you confessed?" she said.

Rhoda face grew scarlet, and her voice trembled as she answered,

"Yes, I confessed that I had been foolish enough to make bad acquaintances, and believe false flattery, but I did not confess, and I never will confess what your look accuses me of, for I never was guilty of it."

"Guilty of what? accused of what? Don't talk in riddles, Rhoda," cried her mother, in great agitation. "There's something under this, and I will know what it means."

"There's been trouble at Miss St. Croix's; something was mislaid, and the lady became angry about it," said Rhoda, hurriedly. "Norah found out where it was and went back to tell, that's all. She'll be here presently, and will explain better than I can."

Mrs. Eldrige glanced in increased perturbation at the silent woman who continued to look at the carpet steadily, with her head bent as if listening. Rhoda waited, listening also, and full of doubts and fears, her mother was compelled to do likewise.

What seemed to the three women the longest and dreariest of hours passed at last, and the town clock rang midnight.

All three started up at the sound.

"I must go to the Terrace; something is wrong!" exclaimed Barbara, the first to speak.

"Let me go with you; it is impossible for me to remain still," begged Rhoda. "Oh, pray, let me go!"

Barbara shook her head resolutely.

"Stay here till I return, I promise you I'll bring you the first news I can get, and she may come back while I am gone."

Not waiting for any other parley on the question, she left the room, and the house door closed after her the next minute.

Then Rhoda, pitying her mother's bewildered fright, told her all she knew, and the poor soul gradually coming to the understanding that a gem of great value had been stolen from Miss St. Croix, and afterwards found in Rhoda's possession, could not be induced to listen to any explanation of these damaging facts, but wailed out in a heart-broken voice:

"We are ruined and disgraced for ever; we have had trouble before, but this is the first sin or shame that ever befell us, and we can never, never raise our heads again."

Seeing now that it would have been better to have followed Norah's advice and spared her poor parent the knowledge of the worst as long as it was possible to keep it from her, Rhoda, in her newly-awakened tenderness of conscience, did her very best to console and soothe her, while she waited, nearly wild with fear and anxiety, for the sound of approaching footsteps.

In vain she waited, and Mrs. Eldrige wrung her hands and wept, as she conjured up visions of danger of exposure to the course of law.

"Oh, mother, please listen to me," implored Rhoda; "it was not Norah's fault, she is as innocent as an angel, and I only am to blame in having received the diamond as a gift from a wicked man, who said he was our friend. Norah went to give it back and tell the truth. She is staying all night at the Terrace, and will make us all laugh in the morning over our worriment about her. There! there she is now!" she cried, springing up and running to the door. "Turn up the light, mother, and let us scold her for frightening us so badly."

No need of the flaring gas light that illumed the small passageway, as Rhoda flung back the door and prepared to receive her sister with a wild cry of delight and relief from fear.

The pale, sad daylight of early springtime was shining without, and revealed by it stood Barbara, alone, and very white and scared looking.

"Has she come?" she asked, faintly.

"No, no; is she not with you?"

"No; she never reached the Terrace. I have searched for her this livelong night, and can find no living soul that has seen her since she left you."

"Then she is lost!" cried Rhoda, in a burst of grief and terror, and forgetting for the moment everything but her own sorrow, she gave way to the pent up suffering of hours of anxiety and distress.

CHAPTER XXII.

NORAH'S CHAMPION.

Alfred Falconer returned from his Southern trip sooner than he was expected, and astonished his aunt by appearing before her unannounced and looking decidedly the worse for his journey.

Miss St. Croix herself appeared to have been ill since he had seen her, and his first inquiry was:

"Has anything happened? You are looking pale, and I have been racked by a horrible presentiment that something was wrong here every instant of my journey home."

"How is your brother?" Miss St. Croix spoke in a constrained and painful manner, that was certainly not reassuring to the ardent nature of her nephew, and avoided answering his question.

"Walter is well, and was absent from the city when I reached there. That message was all a hoax, and my appearance astonished the family, who knew nothing of it. I have tried to discover who sent it, and the object it was to serve, without success; and the only solution I can arrive at is mischief, for surely no one would perpetrate so poor a joke."

His aunt gazed at him in a perplexed and absent sort of way.

"A hoax? Walter not ill," she repeated. "Who could have done it?"

"Ah! who indeed; it seems such a senseless bit of villainy. But you do not tell me of yourself. You are not well, I can see that."

"I am," she returned, quietly; "very well."

"And the rest—Norah?"

He said this in what he tried to make a matter-of-course way, but failed.

There was a moment's silence. Miss St. Croix's pallor increased, and she replied in a stony voice and manner:

"I know nothing of the girl; she is one of my failures—it had to come sooner or later, and it is well over. I have found her out."

Falconer breathed hard and changed color in a rapid way that was painful to look at. He caught at the back of one of the high library chairs, and held it in a vice-like grip.

"Found her out?" he repeated, sternly. "What does this mean? You must explain, I demand it."

The lady raised her drooping figure suddenly, and the look of depression and languor instantly left her face and form. Her eyes flashed and her brow darkened.

"You become her champion, and though you know I cannot endure to have a wound probed, are determined to torment me about a thing that stung me while I would have cherished it. Know then she is a thief, I have proven it, and a hardened one too, as I have also tested. I took her from the streets, and I have only flung her back into her native element."

With these words she rose, and raising her hand in protest against further speech on the subject, she walked quickly across the floor in the direction of the door.

When she reached it she turned round, and facing her nephew with her coldest and most resolute look, said:

"This ends it; don't bring it up again, I warn you. It is enough to suffer within one's soul over an error in trust. I will brook no darts or pangs from without."

She closed the door, and left the young man alone in bewildered pain.

The accusation against the beautiful girl had struck him like a mortal blow, but not even in the first keen pang it inflicted did it carry a gleam of truth with it to his mind.

Norah a criminal! It was as absurd as it was horrible, and the thought perished before its birth. But how could such a wicked delusion have possessed his aunt's mind against her, and where was she, poor, innocent, injured child!

This last thought stung him into action. He had dropped into a chair when left alone; he now sprang up and hurried out to find Barbara, who had a sitting-room of her own at the end of the hall. A tap at the door was answered by her in person, and Alfred saw the same shadow that darkened his aunt's face resting on her maid's.

She smiled in welcoming him however, and said something about his return being an unlooked for pleasure to Miss Evelyn.

"I find here an unlooked for pain, Barbara," he broke out impulsively. "We are in the midst of a trouble I cannot endure, and I come to you for help. You understand me, good Barbara. I need not tell you that the young lady who is so unjustly the object of my aunt's displeasure is too dear to me to rest for a moment under any cloud that I can dispel. Where is she, Barbara?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Not know, how can that be?" he stammered, growing very white; "she has not disappeared?"

"Yes, sir; she has."

"How, when, under what circumstances? Lose no time I beg of you, but pity the agony I am enduring in this suspense, and relieve it if you can."

"You know your aunt's diamonds? They were in the library, and Norah and her sister were there. Both left the house, and when they were gone the loss of the aigrette was discovered. Norah was accused, and would neither confess nor deny the theft; then I connived at her getting away from here quietly, hoping to make the truth plain in time, for I did not believe her guilty until she fled with the diamond in her possession——"

"Stay!" ejaculated Falconer, quickly, "don't utter a word of doubt against her; she is innocent, by my soul I swear it. Whatever now seems against her, and wherever she may be, she is totally incapable of crime or meanness of any kind, and no one shall dare accuse her of it in my presence."

His eyes flashed, and his broad chest heaved with emotion.

"My aunt is deluded, blinded by her old trouble and distrust of human nature—her own better self will soon triumph over this injustice, and she will aid my search for the injured young lady."

"Don't deceive yourself, sir," said Barbara, firmly. "Your aunt has proofs that cannot be set aside; the officer she sent for knew Norah, she had been detained in the station-house, before she came here, on suspicion of stealing a gentleman's watch, and only escaped because he declined to prosecute."

"It is false!" cried Falconer; "it must be false. I will doubt anything, everything, but I will not doubt her."

He turned away his face and walked hastily towards the window. Following him with her eyes, Barbara saw his strong frame shake with emotion, and her own face expressed feelings she strove in vain to hide.

"Mr. Alfred," she whispered, going to his side, "my duty to my mistress forces me to be angry with one who it seems abused her confidence and outraged her goodness, but in my secret heart I love that girl, guilty or not guilty, because those wonderful brown eyes of hers—so like a pair I loved long ago, and that are now closed in death—put a spell upon me from the first moment I saw her face. I would go anywhere, do anything to serve Norah Eldrige, and not an hour since I came from her mother and sister, who are nearly beside themselves with grief and alarm at her disappearance."

"When did you see her last?"

Falconer had conquered his feelings so far as to speak calmly, but he hung breathlessly on the woman's answer, and seemed to try and anticipate it with his eager, anxious eyes.

"Five days ago. She left here in the afternoon, and late that night she disappeared."

"Has there been a search?"

"As thorough a one as Rhoda and I could conduct quietly. She has done her best, and I have not been idle, and yet no trace, however slight, have we been able to gain of her hiding-place. Rhoda has noticed a stranger several times looking at the house as if with an object, but she has not spoken to him or been able to do more than learn his name."

"What is it?"

"George Bland. It is the same gentleman who refused to prosecute about the watch," said Barbara, in a low tone.

Falconer bit his lips and was silent for a moment.

Then he looked up determinedly.

"What has failed when done in a small way may succeed when pursued openly and with resolution. I mean to devote every energy to the inquiry, and find Norah Eldrige first of all. Her vindication *must* follow, I have no doubt of that. But now to see her mother and gain her approval of my plan. Will you go with me to her, Barbara, and assure Mrs. Eldrige, whom I have never seen, that I am her daughter's true friend?"

"Miss Evelyn," murmured Barbara, hesitating. "I should be deceiving her. Not that I should hesitate if Norah only were concerned; but you, Mr. Alfred."

"I am my own master, Barbara," answered the young man, firmly; "and though I love my aunt, I have not given her power to rule my heart or interfere with my sense of honor. I will not ask you to go with me, but simply to precede me and prepare them for my coming. Rhoda I know, and I wish in the present crisis she were more reliable and less open to flattery and caprice."

He said this to himself, moving round the room with his arms folded and his head bent thoughtfully.

Barbara's gaze followed him for a while, then she said:

"I will go and see Mrs. Eldrige. Promise me that you will await the result of my interview with her and Rhoda."

"That depends upon your speed," he answered. "I am not at all patient, and cannot afford to lose a moment."

"Will you speak of this again to your aunt?"

"Not until I can demand of her justice, where through error she has done foul wrong."

"Then wait for me here," returned Barbara, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIGURE IN THE SECRET CHAMBER.

When, on the night of her disappearance, Norah issued forth among the lights of West street, and with her hand pressed over the diamond hidden in the folds of her bodice, hurried along towards Courtland Terrace, a gentleman with a cloak flung over his shoulder—for though it was springtime, the air was bleak and chilly—crossed from the opposite side of the way, and came towards her with a slow step and preoccupied air.

Something about his figure caught her attention at the first glance, and she stood still directly in the glare of a shop window gazing at him with all her eyes.

Not once pausing to think of the impropriety or impoliteness of the act, she yielded to the uncontrolable feeling of surprise and interest that took possession of her at sight of him, and looked with dilating eyes and flushing cheeks straight into the stranger's face, for it was the gentleman she had seen sitting in Miss St. Croix's secret room. Yes, the very same, though there his face had worn a fixed and somewhat unnatural expression, and had somehow looked younger and smoother, as it seemed to her.

Of course such a marked action did not escape the stranger's notice.

He returned her look at first covertly, and then with a queer gaze, compounded of surprise, alarm, and finally astonished recognition.

"My dear young lady!" he exclaimed, suddenly, in a voice trembling nervously, "can I speak with you a moment?"

Before she replied, a score of thoughts flashed like lightning through Norah's mind.

This gentleman was the secret lover of Miss Evelyn, with whom some strange mystery connected itself, for the lady had been speechlessly enraged against her when she discovered them together by accident.

He was possessed of great power, for the proud Miss St. Croix had knelt to him in an abject and almost adoring fondness, and he knew Norah, as it seemed, though he had certainly never turned his eyes towards her or appeared conscious of her presence on that unfortunate interview.

Dared she stay and speak with him now? Perhaps his influence over the lady whose displeasure had fallen on her innocent head could restore her to favor; perhaps he knew something of the unseen enemy who was trying to overwhelm her—at any rate she must yield to that half-entreating, half-imperative glance, that seemed to summon her more determinedly than his words, as he held out his hand persuasively, and said:

"Come this way a moment."

These were some of the thoughts that passed through Norah's mind as she placed her hand mechanically in his.

"Forgive me for staring at you, sir," she faltered. "I saw you at Miss St. Croix's, and—and—I—I could not forget your face," she added, in an embarrassed voice.

Had she been less agitated she might have seen that her words affected him in a marked manner, and that though he tried to hide it, he was both astonished and disconcerted by what she had said.

"Of course I do not mean to speak of it boldly," she continued, remembering that Miss St. Croix preserved such strange secrecy about the gentleman's visits. "I never named it to any human being, and I did not mean to discover you there. I was terrified by seeing the face of a wicked man who seems to pursue me, though I do not know why. He was looking in at the library window, with such a menacing gaze that I rushed for refuge into Miss Evelyn's room."

The gentleman's face showed a quick gleam of intelligence on its hard yet handsome surface at these words, and he hastily interrupted her.

"It is about this wicked man I wish to speak; he has done you great harm."

"Oh, yes, I shudder to think of him; he has even made Miss Evelyn my enemy; did she tell you of him?"

"Yes—no—that is, I have just discovered his evil plottings, and come to rescue you."

The speaker was either embarrassed in finding himself earnestly confronted by the soft, deep eyes of a young and beautiful girl, or else his conscience was not quite dead, and reproached him for attempting to deceive one so innocent and trusting. At all events, when Norah impulsively seized his hand and pressed it in both her own with tearful thanks and protestations of gratitude, he almost shrunk from her touch, and his face became quite colorless as he quickly averted it from her view.

Not observing this change, and feeling quite sure that any one so deeply beloved by her patroness must be worthy of all honor and confidence, Norah hastily, and in as few words as possible, poured into his ear the unhappy story of the stolen diamond, Miss St. Croix's unjust suspicions, and her own misfortunes.

"And this bungling villain, after laying his plans and risking discovery by mixing up with the other girl—your sister, I mean"—said the gentleman, in a half-sneering tone, "manages to upset his own trap by taking that clumsy old bag from the slums into counsel. She nearly caught you this afternoon, you say?"

Norah had not said so, and she looked up into her companion's face wondering how he had heard of her adventure with Mother Webb.

He caught her glance, and said, hastily:

"I know the whole wicked plot, you see; I have been on the watch to overturn it all and save you. There's a mystery connected with your life that I will unfold, and henceforth in me you will have a protector who will defend you against all others."

He spoke in a forced and unnatural voice, and even to the deluded Norah his tones were not quite reassuring; she hesitated and began to feel that her confidence might have been hastily bestowed. She felt that the gentleman was a stranger, but his close though unacknowledged connection with the lady to whom she was so deeply indebted, and the loss of whose favor she so deeply deplored, impelled her to trust him.

"Will you take me to Miss St. Croix and explain what I am powerless to make her understand," she asked, still hesitating. "I know there is something strange about my life because this bad man follows me so determinedly; but I had rather never know the reason, and had rather always endure his persecution than to have the noble lady who saved me and mine from dying of cold and hunger in the street believe me guilty of such a crime as I am now accused of."

A cab was passing slowly at that moment; before replying, the gentleman hailed it, and motioned her to enter.

"Come, we will go to her at once," he said; "that will relieve your mind, and she shall advise us as to the rest."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Norah, ardently, and was about to obey when she stepped back an instant. "It is but a square or two to the Terrace, and why should we ride?" she asked.

"Because I have much to tell you that may cause you astonishment and pleasure on the way, and an open street is scarcely the place for the display of such emotions."

She yielded, and he sprang in beside her after a whispered word to the driver, who was an old acquaintance of his to judge by the wink with which he answered his instructions.

"And now," exclaimed he, as he seated himself at her side, and began fumbling in the pocket of his overcoat, "I must begin by telling you that——"

A subtle and penetrating odor already began to diffuse itself inside the closed carriage, which had turned swiftly round the first corner, and was rushing at a great speed in an opposite direction from Courtland Terrace. As the gentleman paused, Norah leant forward inquiringly.

"What is that stifling smell?" she asked in alarm, adding the next instant. "And where are we going? We are not on the right way at all."

She sprang up as if about to dash open the carriage door; but her companion's arm had stolen round her, and held her firm and fast, whilst his other hand with a handkerchief in it, steeped in the pungent drug was suddenly pressed against her nostrils, and she fell back struggling, but rendered speechless by the powerful gag he had almost strangled her with.

Pressing her to his side with his powerful arm, and imprisoning her delicate hands in his grasp, he watched her striving wildly; but futilely against the influence of the anesthetic, until her muscles began to relax, and a deep and labored sound issued from her chest, as her helpless head dropped forward on her breast.

Then he laughed like a demon, and muttered softly:

"After this, I'll believe that the devil favors his own, for everything has played into my hands like magic to-night. I was ready to cut that bungling fool, Matt Brice's throat for making a mess of his work, and letting Sally Webb ruin it for him, and I came out to walk off my rage, lest I'd betray myself at home. The bottle of chloroform I use to steady my nerves was in my pocket, and Ned my old cabman came by just in the nick of time. There's luck for you, but add to it all that I met my shy bird, and she flew right into my arms of her own accord, and then question, if you care, the ways of Providence, or the help of Satan, which ever you like to call it."

Grinning like the evil character he spoke of so familiarly, he again applied the contents of the bottle to the handkerchief, and spread it over the face of the unconscious girl.

"She's good for a two hour's sleep, now;" he said in a tone of satisfaction to himself. "I would be glad to make it longer and to have no waking to it, only the body would make trouble. If we were near the river, and I could trust Ned—but no, I can keep him quiet with a ten dollar note, about what he thinks a little love game, but I don't dare to risk making him my confidant in a big job. Still it is a pity," added the ruthless villain, observing the motionless figure at his side, "if I could only drop her into the river, it would save a world of trouble, and she's one of the pure sort that would be sure to be all right in the other place, I suppose!"

He shrugged his shoulders with one of his sardonic grins, as he uttered this last sentence, and then he indulged in one of those hard bitter laughs that bear no more relation to mirth than a death's head does to a human face.

The carriage stopped.

"What, there already!" he cried, springing out and closing the door after him. "Don't get down Ned; I'll just peep in to see that the coast is clear, and then I'll help the young lady out myself. She's bashful you see, and I'm afraid you might confuse her; be quiet, and I'll make your fee a good one."

This was said in a whisper, and the man tipped his hat knowingly. He knew the person he was dealing with, for a rich gent who was up to a few wild games, and always paid liberal and no mistake, therefore, he considered it was his business to obey and be silent.

The place at which he had pulled up as directed was a miserable tumble down row of wooden shanties, a disgraceful locality under any circumstances, and a very strange one to select as the scene of a love tryst. But tho' the cabman may have thought this, and wondered about it a little, he settled the point by deciding that it was none of his affairs, and all that concerned him was the promised reward that he was determined to deserve.

He saw the gentleman open the door of the shanty that had a light in its window, and looking in, said something to the occupant of the room who presently appeared at the door for an instant, disclosing the face of a short, dark, and ill-favored woman, who laughed and said: "You're in luck, captain; all right, come this way and you'll see that we can keep fast what you were smart enough to secure."

Thereupon the gentleman addressed as "captain," reopened the carriage door, and gently lifted out a slender female who seemed to cling to him, and trust to his support entirely, since as far as the driver could see, she never once placed her feet upon the ground, or attempted to walk.

There was no occasion for him to remain, or excuse for him to watch the movements of his patron, however, for as the captain closed the carriage door, he gave the man his money and said, "Start."

Still looking over his shoulders, Ned muttered to himself.

"Either the girl's awful fond of him, or else she's sick; for her head lies on his shoulder like a baby's, and there is lots of some kind of scent round 'em; it wasn't cologne, it was some doctor's stuff. But that aint none of my business, I've got my pay, and its liberal. O! he's a real gent, he is, for sure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WALTER SCOTT.—Walter Scott was ignorant of pictures and indifferent to music. There was not one picture of sterling merit on his walls! A young lady in his home sang divinely, but her singing gave him no pleasure. He was much too honest to affect to be what he was not; thus he admitted "that he had a reasonably good ear for a jig," but confessed that "solos and sonatas gave him the spleen." The late Sir Robert Peel hated music. Byron cared so little for architecture that he lived nine months in Pisa before he cast his eye on the Baptistery; and Madame de Stael cared so little for the grandest scenery in the world, that though she lived long at Copet, she never cared to see the glaciers. These instances of deficiencies in taste are not so surprising as to find one who had painted natural scenery with such artistic power and fidelity, and who had composed lays as tuneful as those of "The Last Minstrel," could be insensible to the twin sisters, Music and Painting.

HENRY IV. OF ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE GREY.

In order to understand the character of Henry of Lancaster in which were combined, in strange contrast, fine and noble qualities, with those of the baser sort, great statesmanship, and gross injustice, we must live again in that remote period and enter into the spirit of those days, when war and conquest filled men's minds. Although, the age of chivalry and feudal oppression was on the wane, the reigns of Henrys Fourth and Fifth, were lit up with the brilliant glow of their expiring fires. Then, if a man were not a brave knight he was nothing—unworthy of man's friendship; or woman's smiles. Characters, like those of the heroic Edwards First and Third, the brave and chivalrous John of Gaunt, and the daring, generous, though unscrupulous, Henry of Lancaster, were the natural outgrowths of such an age. John of Gaunt, third son of Edward Third, married Blanche, daughter and sole heiress of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, last male heir of the line, thus bringing her father's estates and title to her husband, who, on the death of the old duke, became Duke of Lancaster. "Time honored Lancaster," as the historians have it, was heroic, daring, and able, a man well fitted to be the progenitor of a race of kings, who were destined to win and hold their thrones by war and bloodshed. John Wickliffe arose in the time of John of Lancaster, whose broad and liberal mind led him to encourage the views of this reformer, who, in some of his doctrines, was in advance of those who began the German Reformation, nearly two centuries later. In this, Henry of Lancaster differed from his father, violently opposing the Lollards, as they were afterwards called, who, during his reign and that of his successor, met with cruel persecution. "Nevertheless," says Toule, "the sect grew, though occasionally depressed, and sustained the link which was to bind Luther with Wickliffe."

Blanche of Lancaster died, soon after her marriage with John of Gaunt, leaving one son, Henry of Bolingbroke, a subject who in after years proved a formidable rival to the weak and vacillating Richard Second. During his father's lifetime, a quarrel occurred between Henry and the Duke of Norfolk, whose issue nearly touched the interests of the crown. The matter was referred to Richard, who decided that the question should be settled by the two knights in single combat before the king and court. Nothing could have been more in accordance with the brave and daring spirit of Henry Bolingbroke, who entered the lists adorned with the red rose which afterwards served to distinguish the kings of his house. No sooner had the knights appeared, 'ere they had even crossed lances, when Richard threw down his truncheon between the combatants, and commanded them to desist; pronouncing on Henry a sentence of exile for ten years, and banishing the Duke of Norfolk for life. Henry took refuge in France, where he met with ready sympathy from King Charles Sixth. Richard afterwards shortened the term of his exile four years, and granted him letters patent, which would ensure to him the enjoyment of any inheritance falling to him during the period of his absence. Notwithstanding, in 1390, on the death of his father, the king seized his rich estates, which should have reverted to Henry, then Duke of Lancaster and second in order of succession to the throne. Thus, the breach already opened was greatly widened. During an absence of the king in Ireland, whither he had gone to revenge the death of Roger, Earl of March, heir presumptive to the crown, those of his subjects who were Lancastrian at heart, and others weary of Richard's rule, gathered themselves together and called loudly upon Henry to lead them. Not deaf to the stirrings of ambition within, or to the voices from without calling to him, "Go forth brave duke, go forth and vindicate the glory of your descent. Prove yourself worthy of the blood of Edward, the Victorious, and Edward, the Black Prince!" Henry quitted the land of his exile, and in disguise, returned to England to raise the standard of revolt against Richard. He had already gained the esteem of the people, and by his brave services against the infidels in Lithuania had united to his other virtues those of valor and piety. Being thus prepossessed in Henry's favor, no sooner had he made himself known than he was received with great rejoicings by the English. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland warmly espoused his cause, which Henry, *solemnly*, avowed to be the recovery of the Duchy of Lancaster. An army of sixty thousand men gathered around him with which he advanced to meet the king, whose troops deserting him in this, his hour of need, Henry was enabled to take him prisoner and thus gain a bloodless victory. The speedy gathering of so vast an army about him, and the carrying of the heart of the nobles and people with him, so that they gave ear, even to his groundless charges against Richard, prove that Henry of Lancaster was, not only an able and powerful man, but possessed, in no small degree, of that personal magnetism, that so pre-eminently distinguished his illustrious son, Henry of Monmouth. Both seemed, "born to greatness." Henry was soon after crowned at Westminster, under the title of Henry Fourth of England, whose crown he claimed as rightful heir of Henry Third, but which he had, in reality, gained by treachery and usurpation.

Among the principal events of Henry's reign was the rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland, and his son, Harry Percy, who took advantage of an incursions of the Scots to join the forces of that country against the king. A battle was fought near Shrewsbury, in which the King of England commanded in person, and prodigies of valor were performed on both sides. Here Henry's heroic son won his first laurels, and Douglass of Scotland and Harry Percy, fighting side by side, seemed to be striving to rival each other in deeds of daring. The death of Harry Percy, by an unknown hand, decided the victory in Henry's favor, and the Earl of Northumberland appearing at York, with a small retinue, and submitting himself to the king, was pardoned. Other insurrections occurred; but by prompt and vigorous action, Henry was able to suppress them before they had attained any considerable magnitude. Later, a signal advantage was gained over the Scots by the capture of the young heir of Scotland, who fell into Henry's hands while on his way to France, and remained a graciously entertained prisoner (but none the less a prisoner,) for nineteen years.

It is conceded, by all historians, that Henry ruled his kingdom with wisdom, firmness, moderation, and clemency.

In his youth the Prince of Wales gave his father great cause for uneasiness by the lawlessness of his conduct, and his fondness for improper associates, among whom was the rollicking fat knight, Sir John Falstaff, crying out in battle, "Honor? What is honor? Can honor set a leg."

When the prince, in defending a friend, insulted Chief Justice Gascoigne in court, and was arrested in consequence, Henry exclaimed, "Happy is the king that has a magistrate endowed with courage to execute the laws upon such an offender; still more happy in having a son willing to submit to such chastisement!" Showing that though his faults may have been glaring, the king could not have failed to look with pride upon a son, who in his valor and daring reproduced his own heroic spirit.

The darkest stains that sully the name of Henry of Lancaster are his cruel treatment of the dethroned king, and the young Earl of March, whose claim to the throne he had set aside. The earl being taken prisoner by the Welsh, Henry allowed him to languish in captivity, making no effort to redeem him. By some historians, it is asserted that Richard starved to death in Pontefract Castle, where he was confined; but the more general belief is that he was assassinated by order of the king. Hence, Shakespeare puts these words in the mouth of Henry Fifth, when pleading with God for victory before Agincourt.

"Not to-day, O! Lord,
O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I, Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood."

On the 20th of March, 1413, Henry of Lancaster's short and eventful reign was terminated by his death, and his son Henry was proclaimed king under the title of Henry Fifth of England. This title, though the young Earl of March, the legitimate heir to the throne, was living, was never disputed by the English people.

Henry Fourth was twice married; by his first wife, Mary de Bohun, he had four sons and two daughters. His second wife was Jane, daughter of the King of Navarre.

AGRICULTURAL.

HYACINTHS.—The best time for starting hyacinths, intended for blooming in the house in glasses, is in the month of October. These glasses should be filled with water. Then place the glasses in a cool, dark place, where they must remain till plenty of roots are made. Afterwards, when the flower spikes begin to show themselves, they may be gradually brought to the light, taking care not to give them too much heat at any time, as they grow best in a rather low temperature. When the water in the glasses becomes rather discolored and dirty it should be poured off and replaced with clear, soft water, which may be repeated as often as necessary.

ALMOST any animal, properly housed, will winter with one-third less food, and come out in better condition in the spring, than when exposed to such severe weather and storms as prevail from November to April. The cow will produce double the quantity of milk when kept warm that she will when curled up and shivering by cold. The hog will fatten as easily and cheaply in midwinter as in May or September, if kept warm. Young stock, such as calves, colts and sheep, may just as well be kept in a growing, thrifty condition during the winter, as to come out mere skeletons and spend half the summer—and the best half, too—getting in as good condition as they were the fall before.

RULES FOR MILKING.—The following rules are issued from a New York cheese factory for the use of patrons, and are worthy of a wide dissemination:

1. Milch cows should have free access, at all times, to good running water.

2. They should never be heated, by being run, stoned or dogged.

3. The utmost cleanliness should be observed in milking, and by no means wet the hands in the milk while milking.

4. No can of milk should stand where it will absorb the barnyard or stable odor, or any other scent.

5. The milk should be strained and well aired, immediately after having been drawn from the cows.

6. Some arrangement for effectually cooling is at all times very desirable, and when the milk is kept at home over night, is indispensable.

7. Scalding all vessels used about milk at least once a day with boiling water, and rinsing with cold water at night, is essential.

AMONG THE GRAPES.—Although some prefer planting their vines in spring, we have seen excellent success attend the operation in the autumn by giving them proper attention. Vines, when transplanted, must be cut down to three or four buds. This is imperative, and the person who pays an extra price to secure a long, thick cane, is simply throwing money away, unless the wood is needed for propagating purposes. After the vine is planted, draw up the soil over the short stump, and this will afford the best protection we can obtain. Of course no one would allow a depression in the soil to remain around the newly-planted vine, as we must always guard against water laying in the vicinity during winter while the roots are inactive. A simple but effectual mode of growing young vines is as follows: Cut the trimmings into lengths of about six inches, tie them into small bundles so that the bottom ends shall be even, and insert them in a cold frame, immersed in sand; that is, stand the bundles perpendicularly with the top buds down, and cover with an inch or two of sand. The cutting should be cut at the top, immediately above a bud, but it is not particular about one at the bottom, although in old times this was considered absolutely necessary. In the ensuing spring, the bottom of the cutting being nearer the heat, roots will form, and the top buds in the deeper, cooler sand, will remain inactive for a longer time. Water must be frequently applied when the weather becomes warm, and as a glass sash must be used to cover the bed, this will be needed about once a day. In April, when the weather becomes settled, the cuttings may be carefully dibbled into beds or rows to remain during the season.

RECEIPTS.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—Sulphate of quinine, 20 grains; elixir of vitriol, 1 drachm; dissolve the quinine in the elixir and add tincture of black cohosh, 14 drachms; mix and give twenty drops in a tablespoonful of water every two hours. Also the following liniment will be found beneficial: Chloroform, 1 ounce; tincture of aconite, 1 ounce; tincture of camphor, 1 ounce; laudanum, 1 ounce; rub over the parts affected two or three times a day.

A CHEAP FUMIGATOR.—The following will be found to be a cheap and pleasant fumigator for sick rooms, diffusing a healthful, agreeable, and highly-penetrating disinfectant odor in close apartments, or wherever the air is deteriorated. Pour common vinegar on powdered chalk until effervescence ceases, leave the whole to settle, and pour off the liquid. Dry the sediment and place it in a shallow earthen or glass dish, and pour upon it sulphuric acid until white fumes commence arising. This vapor quickly spreads, is very agreeably pungent, and acts as a powerful purifier of vitiated air.

WARTS may be removed by rubbing them night and morning with a moistened piece of muriate of ammonia. They soften and dwindle away, leaving no such marks as follow their dispersion with lunar caustic.

TO REMOVE SPOTS FROM HARD-FINISHED WALLS.—Buy a piece of pumice-stone at the druggist's, and with this rub the wall until the spot disappears. Soap stone stoves may be treated with pumice stone in this manner and made to look like new, especially if the iron framework which holds them together has a fresh coat given it of black varnish.

A wash that would usually take all day with ordinary soap, can be done in three hours, with Dobbin' Electric soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia,) and it cannot injure the finest fabric. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

THE *Navy Register*, recently published, shows that out of 1,016 officers in the service, only 712 are on duty at sea.——A subterranean room, of considerable size, with a bath full of fresh water issuing from a spring, and supposed to have been used as a baptistery, has been discovered in a street in London. It is built of Roman bricks.——The Odd Fellows of England, according to M. Wm. E. Forster, M. P., in his late speech at Bradford, number close upon a half a million of members—430,000 in England, and the rest in the colonies, Scotland and Ireland, with a money capital of £4,000,000 sterling. The co-operative element among the Odd Fellows of Great Britain is its strong point, and might be profitably imitated among the working classes of the United States.——The Empress Josephine's residence, near Paris, known as Malmaison, is about to be sold at auction. Napoleon III was said to have purchased the estate during his reign, and restored it to the condition it was in when occupied by Josephine.——The French metric system has been accepted by sixteen countries, according to a statement from the Paris Chamber of Commerce, but it appears to have gone into effect in only five. The current of sentiment in England seems to be against the change. Even if adopted by government it is evident that it would be extremely difficult to induce the people to use it.——A gentleman, Mr. George Harris, of London, has accomplished the feat of walking from London to Edinburgh in ten and a half days. The distance is 400 miles. His average walk was about 37½ miles. One day he did 47½ miles. The next 40. His attire was Knickerbockers, loose blouse and cloth cap. He carried a knapsack weighing 10½ pounds. He arrived in Edinburg as fresh as a daisy.——The total number of students at Cornell University is 464, of which 36 are ladies.

"Who Will Suffer?"

IT IS NOW 27 YEARS SINCE DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment was put before the public; warranting it to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest; and it never has failed. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Ladies of Fashion.

To preserve the fresh *glow* of juvenility against the lapse of years and time's effacing fingers, is an object which has ever been dear to those gifted with beauty and personal charms. A benefactor of the race has invented a toilet preparation known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has accomplished wonders in aiding nature to retain the much prized gifts. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for removing all blemishes and discoloration from the skin, leaving it clear, soft, and beautiful. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

This popular Cosmetic has long maintained (thirty-two years) a high and prominent place in public estimation, and in fashionable ladies' *boudoirs*, not alone for its extraordinary beautifying effects on the skin and complexion, removing Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, etc., but also for the innocence and purity of its ingredients.

DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM has not been heralded by inflated advertisements, nor is it the creature of paid-for puffs; it stands on its merits alone, and with intelligent purchasers it is sought after in preference to the host of cheap and vile preparations flooding the market, denounced by the Board of Health, Dr. Louis Sayres, Dr. Doremus, and others.

DR. GOURAUD is daily in receipt of druggist's orders from distant parts relating that lady residents in their localities, and especially ladies traveling, who have used the article, and who have recommended it from one to another, imploring said druggists to order some from Dr. G., and which they are ultimately obliged to do.

It is a well-established fact that the cupidity of many druggists prompts them to recommend an article to ladies, not from its intrinsic good qualities, but from the larger profits to be made on its sale. Dr. G. concedes that his margins are not as large as many merchants allow, nor does he intend they shall be. A truly valuable cosmetic such as the Oriental cream, will be prized, and the ladies will have it, even if obliged to order it direct from Dr. G., at his only depot in New York, 48 Bond Street, New York.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 6, 1875.

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A Romance of Sea and Shore.

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NEXT WEEK

we shall commence the above new story, which we think is the most powerfully written and deeply interesting of all the works of this talented author.

It illustrates the eventful career of a heroic and adventurous youth, and is replete with the most stirring adventures, both on sea and on shore. Though possessing all the elements which are so fascinating and entertaining to our younger readers, it is a story which can and will be read by all alike, old as well as young, with profit and instruction, as well as with the deepest interest.

GIVING UP AND COMING DOWN.

The great lesson which the wise and true man is learning through life is how to Come Down without Giving Up. Reckless and foolish people confuse these two things. It is far easier to give up than to come down—it is far less repugnant to our natural self-conceit. It befits much better our natural laziness. It enables us to fancy ourselves heroic, when in truth we are vain, slothful and fretful.

Let us here explain our meaning. What is meant by giving up—what by coming down?

By coming down, we mean: Learning from the many mortifications, disappointments and rebuffs which we must all meet as we all go through life, to think more humbly of ourselves, intellectually, morally, socially, physically, yet, while thinking thus humbly of ourselves and our powers, to resolve that we shall continue to do our very best, and all this with a kindly heart and contented mind. Such is our ideal of true coming down, and the man who does it rightly is a true hero.

And what is giving up? Giving up means that, when you are beaten and disappointed, and made to understand that your mark is lower than you had fancied, you will throw down your arms in despair, and resolve that you will try no more. No doubt this is an extremely natural feeling. It is the first and readiest impulse of the undisciplined heart.

Giving up is the doing of mortified self-conceit, of sulky pettishness, of desperation. It says virtually to the Great Disposer of Events, "Everything in this world must go exactly as I wish it, or I must die." It is of the nature of a moral strike.

Coming down generally means coming to juster and sounder views of one's self and one's own importance and usefulness, and if you come down gracefully, genially and rightly, you work on diligently and cheerfully at that lower level. No doubt to come down is a tremendous trial—it is a sore mortification. But trials and mortifications are useful things for us all.

Wisdom comes down—Folly gives up.

Wisdom, we say, comes down, for we think there can be no doubt that most men, in order to think rightly of themselves, must come to think much more humbly of themselves than they are naturally disposed to do. Few men estimate themselves too lowly. Even sensible and worthy men are not without a great measure of latent self-esteem. They know they have worked hard; they know that what they have done has cost them great pains; they look with instinctive partiality at the results they have accomplished; they are sure these results are good, and they do not know *how* good, till they learn by comparative trial. But when the comparative trial comes, there are few who do not meet their match—few who do not find it needful to come down.

We are all being taught through life to come down in our anticipation, our self-estimation, our ambition. Our vanity and self-love and romance are being cut in upon day by day; step by step we come down, but, if we are wise, we never give up. Rather we should gather ourselves up from our fall. Though the sky-scraping spars may be gone, we may rig up a jury-mast—

"And from the wreck, far scattered o'er the rocks,
Build us a little bark of hope once more."

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

As, one by one, these Autumn leaves descending
To droop and die,
In rustled murmurs, breathe one soft unending
Sad threnody,
Till branch and bough, whereon no vestige lingers
Of Summer bloom,
Trace out upon the sky, with withered fingers,
Their Wintry doom.

So, one by one, these earthly hopes we cherish—
More dearly prized,
Perchance, than Heaven itself—fall off and perish
Unrealized,
And leave us, with life's Winter o'er us stealing,
And skies o'ercast,
With bared and outstretched arms for help appealing
To Heaven at last.

HERBERT'S TWO COURTSHIPS.

A pretty little rural village was Pennsylvania; a pretty little cottage on the outskirts of the village, standing with its back towards the group of other houses, and looking off over the pleasant fields and knolls, and its own little door yard full of flowers, where the doves fluttered to and fro in serene security. On the vine covered porch of the cottage stood Mary Graham and Herbert Dudley in very brisk, if not very earnest talk. At least Mary's share of the talk was brisk enough, to make amends for all the vivacity lacking in Herbert's. She was only the pretty daughter of a poor rustic widow, and Herbert Dudley was the richest of all the young men who had strayed from the city to spend the summer in this nook of retirement; but, nevertheless, Mary put down her little foot as emphatically, and said what she had to say as vigorously in his presence as if she had been the "beautiful and accomplished" Miss Fitz Clarence, and he had been only the awkward student in the village doctor's office. And this was what she had to say:

"I tell you again that I will not! I have told John Reese the same thing twice, and he had no right to trouble me anymore about it. And as you have taken the trouble to bother me as his agent, why, I must be just as sharp with you, I wont do it, and that's the long and the short of it."

"Long enough for so short a sentiment, I must say," responded Herbert.

"There is no need for you to say it if you don't want to."

"But seriously, Miss Graham, is this your finality? Remember, John Reese is a very rich man; he is a man who holds the highest social position; he is a man of absolutely no bad habits, and I am sure he loves you very honestly and sincerely. He would take you out of this hard life into a life of ease and luxury. Think of all this before you say 'no' so decidedly."

"Mr. Dudley, if you have any other topic to talk about, I will talk with you; if not, I'm waiting to say good bye," and the pretty face had a rather angry flush upon it, and the bright eyes shone rather dangerously.

"I have no other topic to talk about—now, so good bye," and Herbert Dudley walked to the gate, opened it, and was passing out, when shy words reached him from the porch.

"That is not the way for friends to say good bye, I say it to you with all my heart, I am sorry that your friend is your friend, and am only cross with him, not you," Mary was smiling now, and smiling very sweetly.

Herbert paused at the gate, smiled a little, pre-occupied kind of smile, lifted his hat and walked away. He had tried his utmost and failed, but it must be confessed he had not at all the air of an unhappy man.

As for Mary, she watched him as he walked briskly off, while her smile died out. Then she walked rapidly up and down the gravel walks for a minute or two, talking to herself for want of any other listener.

"It's an insult!" she said.

"The idea of his teasing me to marry him, the old scamp! So, he wants to buy me, does he? Thinks his fine house will make him more to my taste. Why, the palace of the Cæsars wouldn't sugar-coat such a dose as that! And then to think that Herbert Dudley should undertake to work for him. It's all because he wants to marry John Reese's sister, and that's the way he takes to earn *his* reward. O! I did not think it of him. But they're alike, every one."

And then Miss Mary ran into the house, threw herself upon the sofa and cried most heartily, saying to herself the while, "I'm glad it's all over, and now I wont be bothered any more by any of them."

The situation was this: John Reese, a rich but "cranky" old bachelor, had come from the city some two months before, and established himself in this pretty country village, to spend the summer. He had some good qualities and some bad ones—there are some men of that kind—and only his sister, a rather weak young woman, be it said, and the absolute slave of her brother, knew to a certainty that his good qualities far outweighed his bad; and yet many people were very well acquainted with him. He saw Mary Graham, and fell very sincerely in love with her, as Herbert had said. His good qualities must have led to that, and possibly his bad qualities explained the fact that Mary did not in the least return his love. He proposed and was rejected very decidedly. Then, thinking on reflection, that he must have misunderstood the young lady, he proposed again. His rejection this time was so very much to the point that even he could have no doubts about it. However, he commissioned his sister to intercede for him, and that lady was so astutely handled by Mary that she did not succeed in ever mentioning the subject to her.

Then John Reese bethought him of Herbert Dudley, a young man, and more likely to impress the female heart than even John Reese. The agent might succeed where the principal failed, and Herbert was chosen as agent. There was no question about the agent's loyalty, for John Reese had once, by some chance, done a great favor to the elder Dudley, and the sentiment of gratitude was an absolute superstition with the son. Herbert was also spending the summer in this village resort, and had not been unmindful of the devotion of John Reese for the village belle.

John sought Herbert and claimed his services as agent in the matter. "The girl is in love with me, I can see that," he said, "but she is shy, and somehow I haven't the right kind of tact to make her *say* that she loves me. Now you have a different way with you, and then, too, you wont be embarrassed by your interest in the case. So I want you to see the girl, talk with her, put the case before her and get her promise to marry me, and Herbert, I'll—I'll—may be—I can make it an object to you, too, my sister likes you, I know, and more than that, she will do anything to please me. You do this for me, and I'll use my influence in the right direction. You understand?"

Herbert thought the matter over. John Reese was in love with Mary Graham, and believed that Mary Graham was in love with him. His services were desired as a friendly ambassador, to bring about the proper understanding. His gratitude led him to serve this man, if possible. As to the prospect held out himself—

"I'll call on Miss Graham and talk with her about the matter. Whatever I can do I will do, faithfully and conscientiously."

That was the result of his consideration. He had kept his promise. He had plead the case of John Reese even urgently, with the result already indicated; and now he was on his way to report that result.

He went straight to John Reese.

"Well, I have seen Miss Graham," he said.

"And what did you make out?" asked John rather nervously.

"I courted for you vigorously and conscientiously, as I promised to do, and——"

"Well, well! What did the girl say? When am I to call on her again?"

"You may call whenever you choose, of course, but I wouldn't choose at all if I were you."

"Why—why—what do you mean?"

"Miss Graham declines the honor peremptorily."

There was a period of amazed contemplation on the part of John Reese, and then he spoke again.

"She wants to be coaxed, that's all. You must call again."

"Whatever coaxing is to be done you must do yourself, Mr. Reese, I have done all that I promise to do, or propose to do in the matter, I *couldn't* do anything further for you, and keep my self-respect or the respect of the lady."

"But see here! If you don't do this for me, I'll——"

"Mr. Reese, your proposition regarding your sister was—your proposition, and I am very glad to feel sure that it was made without her knowledge or sanction. What I have done was in spite of that proposition, not because of it, I have not the least desire to marry Miss Reese, and I am certain that she has still less desire to marry me."

"But Herbert, you *must* help me out."

"You *are* out, my dear sir. I did what I did out of gratitude, and the debt is paid now."

"But I say——"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Reese," and Herbert went out. He went directly to find Miss Reese. He found her, and was received with an affability that rather hastened what he had to say.

"Miss Reese"—this was what he had to say—"I am not quite certain how far your brother may have expressed himself to you concerning—that is—in regard to myself. From some remarks of his, however, I fear he may have spoken to you in a distasteful manner, I feel very certain, I need not say that I am not honored with your special regard, and any request from him that you cultivate such a regard for me must be painful and irksome to you. You will pardon me, then, if it seems necessary to assure you that whatever he may have said in this direction was without inspiration from me."

"It is best that we have a plain understanding of the matter," the lady said, with the least little shiver of coldness in her tones.

"That is *always* best," said Herbert. "It saves you from what must have been a painful embarrassment, and enables us to remain cordial friends, as of old."

So ended Herbert's first courtship. He seemed to have plenty of business on hand for this afternoon, however, for on taking leave of Miss Reese, he went away with a very rapid and business like pace, and strangely enough, he went as directly as possibly to the little cottage where he had parted from Mary Graham.

That young lady received him with manifest perplexity. "Is it peace or war this time?" she asked him with a look that was half smile, half frown.

"That will depend," said Herbert. "Peace, I hope."

"Have you come for more love-making? For if you have, that means war."

"I *have* come for more love making, Mary, and I hope it means peace." He spoke very differently from his previous mode of speech. Mary recognized the difference, and half trembled as she heard him.

"Mr. Dudley, how dare you come to me again after what I said to you only a little while ago about this?" There were tears in her eyes, and quiverings in her voice as she spoke.

"But you said nothing at all to me about this. Oh, Mary! Don't you see? This is another case, I can't plead this half as well as I did that, I know. That was a case of what I thought was duty, and I can't speak as well for myself as for another. It is *my* love I bring you, Mary. Will you take it?"

"Why didn't you say that before?" queried she with a kind of shy audacity.

"I have said it now, and tell me quickly, is it to be peace or war?"

"It can't be war," she answered; "for the other was war, and this—this is so totally different!"

Herbert's second courtship was much shorter than the first, but there is every reason to suspect it was much more successful.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of this city, published by Reed, Wickersham & Co., has commenced an original story of prairie life and adventure, by Hon. Wm. F. Cody, who is better known as "Buffalo Bill." He is unquestionably familiar with the subject; and the story, interesting in its introduction, promises to retain its interest to the close. The POST has an honorable record, and is conducted with taste and discretion.—*North American and United States Gazette, Philadelphia.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest literary paper in America, shows no signs of age, except that, like wine, it is improved by it. Within one week a new story by William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) has been begun, and a new story by Captain Mayne Reid is announced.—*Public Ledger, Phila., Oct.* 13, 1875.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. D. CARLISLE.

Drifting through the quiet, re-echoing streets after nightfall, when the rattle of business has gone out of them, I catch anon a spray of song, wafted from the inner temple of home, and cannot help thinking that few of us rhyme through our songs—I mean those with the impress of American individuality and nationality about them—with a full and just appreciation of their beauty and sentiment.

Scarcely an hour since, I stood in the deep shadows of an uptown residence listening to:

"Turn backwards, O, Time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."

How the tender pathos in this little fragment drifts past the rougher surface of our human nature, and plays the tender chords of the soul. Like the faintly-heard chime of Vesper bell, or the softened music of an evening hymn, "Just for to-night" steals into the heart and hushes it to rest.

And how many are saying it now, when night has wrapped her sable robes about the white shoulders of the day, and the stars have come to watch silently beside the couch of slumbering nature. How many humid eyes are turned to these gleaming lights, while quivering lips are uttering "make me a child again, just for to-night." How many hearts struggling with the bitter antagonisms of life, so uncertain about themselves that they are striking in the dark, only afloat with no settled conviction, are to-night, yearning for that which can never be. How many weary feet, faltering by the milestones telling the long stretch of life, would so gladly turn back "just for to-night" to the innocence, the simplicity, and the childholiness which formed the outpost of their lives.

The man grown old in crime, who lies in yonder narrow cell, with only the to-morrow to bring him a sudden and fearful death, what would he not give for that one impossible boon "just for to-night." How busy his memory as he lies there gazing at the little stray bit of star-lit sky coming to him past the grated window. He travels the long lane of memory, grown gray and damp with the passage of years, back to sunnier, happier days of his boyhood. How quiet and still the old farmhouse on the hillside. He hears the old familiar night-sounds of home; the ticking of the clock; the whirr of the katydid in the rose-tree by the window; the perfume of sweet mignonette steals into his senses; the autumn wind rasps through the drying corn, and closer still he hears his mother's "good night," as in the old hours. Then he wakes, with his misery upon him, and only the dread to-morrow ahead. Who may fathom the agony of that man's prayer, "just for to-night?"

And how full of yearning is the voice of her whose feet have strayed away from the path of right, when in the moments of calm reflection she pleads "just for to-night." Whether in the palace of gilded shame, where sensuous music and perfumed lamps cheat the victim and rob the false life of its bitterest pangs; or in the dens of infamy, where misery stalks in vilest garb, she pleads still, and who may picture the wretchedness of this creature, alone in the world; alone in the frail vessel of life, surely drifting towards an eternity, as she cries, "make me a child again, just for to-night?"

There are songs which the world does not willingly let die, but which this same world covers quietly with the ashes of neglect. Something revives them, and, for the neglect, they appear ten-fold dearer. This is true of those good old songs of the days gone by. They come upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy catches the sound, and faith mounts it on to the skies. It is only a wee fragment, but, after all, life is made up of these fragments. Great deeds stand like isolated islands in the sea, while these little things cling closely to the heart, and become hallowed by the lapse of years. These fragments are drifted into the haven of our desires, with "sails and tackle torn;" and seen in the distance, in the long perspective of waning years, the meanest incident, enlarged and enriched by countless remembrances, becomes interesting; the most painful, broken and softened by time soothe.

Objects that unexpectedly bring back to us old associations, how they startle the mind? What yearning these create within us, what longing to leap the intermediate, the great gap in our being, and live over again these blessed things. In childhood we strained after manhood, but when manhood comes, we lean away towards childhood. We watch so eagerly the little speck on the trembling boundary, until it rules with giant strength the fabric of our affections.

Oftener than we think we unlock the casket of memory, and draw back the warders of the brain, and there these little fragments of our lives lie unfaded, or appear in fresher dyes. With them comes a new sense, a richer perfume; brighter colors start out, the heart throbs with its new load of bliss, and the child has come again.

Little things: a stray bit of ribbon, a spray of flowers, the pressure of a hand, a look, a word, how precious these when the lapse of years hallow them. Our little cargo of hopes and fears come with these old remembered things, playmates when life was young, companions with the earliest recollections.

ENGLAND begins to understand the wisdom and the profit of settling her difficulties with foreign nations by diplomacy instead of with the sword. She did this with the United States, and now has just done the same thing with China. When a great, powerful, and warlike people begin thus to arbitrate and adjust their differences with other people it is a cheering sign of Christian progress. The world is becoming sick of slaughter, and no fame appears so vulgar as that of men who claim to be illustrious because they have planned battles and led armies to cut each other's throats. England deserves more credit for thus settling her troubles than if she had fought a hundred battles and won as many victories. The victories she wins by peaceable influences will confer greater benefits than any she can achieve by the sword. We honor her for the generous example she now affords the world.

IT is a higher exhibition of Christian manliness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it.

SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

Among the statesmen of England there is none more distinguished for literary accomplishments and the happy faculty of appropriate speech on public occasions than Earl Granville. On the recent occasion of a public meeting at Dover, for the promotion of a National Training School for Music, his remarks were so well worthy of the enthusiasm they created, and were of so cosmopolitan a spirit, that we may usefully apply some of them to our own country.

The great fault in England until quite recently has been that while the wealthy few were highly educated, the masses were not educated at all. Regarding the State as the parent of the people, it is clearly as much for its interest as for theirs that they should be educated at least sufficiently to be able to discharge with intelligence all the duties of citizenship. Those duties include social quite as much as strictly political responsibilities—indeed, the two are inseparable. Where special gifts, too, are allowed to wither for want of cultivation, society and the State are losers as well as the individual. America has seen this, and England has learned the value of diffused education from her, along with many other lessons of practical utility.

What applies to education generally, applies, in a proper measure, to the cultivation of any particular art or science, such as music. We can not but think that one great cause of the peaceful and domestic character of our German population is their national love for, and cultivation of, this most humanizing art. And it is certainly a credit to native Americans that whenever a child exhibits remarkable powers in this and other arts, the hand to assist in developing it is always forthcoming. Miss Annie Louise Cary, Albani, and others less famous are proofs of this.

But what is needed here as in England, though not in the same degree, is a larger diffusion of musical tastes among the people. A music-loving people will be a peaceful and home-loving people. Father Faber, the poet, called his countrymen "the hymn-loving English." Some critics doubted that the description was correct, but its truth was certainly proved by those audiences of 20,000 persons who recently assembled daily in London, as much, we believe, to hear Sankey sing as to hear Moody preach.

In fact, music is to sensitive ears and calm imaginations the best of preachers. It is, as many a weary brain-worker well knows, the sweetest medicine and restorative of thought. It is the very poet of memory. As Tom Moore put it in his "Irish Melodies:"

"When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept."

The value of sanctified memory as a motive-power to a higher life can not be overrated; and the mysterious power that can sweep so beneficently over the chords of feeling and reminiscence, ought to be enshrined as a household god in every heart and home.

Who has not felt the power of "Home, sweet Home," written by John Howard Payne, an American poet almost homeless, yet sung by parents and children's voices, with tearful eyes and affectionate hearts in every land under the sun?

There is perhaps too much affectation among us, of the most ingenious and intricate kind of music, to the neglect of those simpler but more affecting melodies which do so much to create and sustain a national and human sentiment among us. In spite of unities, the people love the old songs and the old airs best, and we are glad that they do so. As Keble says:

"For some dear, familiar strain,
Untired we ask and ask again,
Ever in its familiar lore,
Finding a spell unfelt before."

Hence, our Germans will never weary of "The Watch on the Rhine," nor other peoples of those airs that bring back the memories of fatherland wherever it may be.

The idea which is being carried out in England of a National School of Music is certainly a grand one, and, notwithstanding our greater facilities at present, might be adopted here with great results. We have first-rate music teachers among us, but we want a wider diffusion of first-class culture in the art. Much of our church-singing is abominable, and reminds one of the answer which the late Bishop Bloomfield made to a clergyman who asked him how he liked the village choir: "It is very scriptural," said his lordship, "for the singers went before, and the minstrels followed after."

—*Church's Musical Visitor.*

GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is a curious fact, that the seal of the United States was devised by an Englishman, Sir John Prestwick, a baronet. At least this is declared to be so. As soon as the Declaration of Independence was adopted a new seal became necessary for public papers. Some very odd devices were suggested. One was Moses with his rod dividing the Red Sea, while Pharaoh in his chariot was overwhelmed in the water. On the other side was a shield, containing in six compartments the symbols of the six countries from which the United States had been mainly peopled. Thus in one division there was a rose for England; in a second, a thistle for Scotland; in a third, a harp for Ireland; then a golden lily for France, a crowned lion for Holland, and a black eagle for Germany. Another device was a representation of the Children of Israel in the Wilderness led by a cloud. A third represented Hercules resting on his club, while Virtue urged him up a rugged mountain path, and Sloth pointed to a flowery, down-hill road. This last device was not very complimentary to the new nation, for it seemed to point at a possible danger from laziness. All these, and a number of other suggestions, did not meet with general approval. At last, in 1772, after the matter had been discussed for about six years, John Adams, then in England, sent over the design suggested by this baronet, who, it appears, was an antiquary. The main device was an eagle with a shield on his breast holding in one talon an olive branch, and in the other a bundle of arrows, and bearing in his beak a scroll with the now familiar motto, *E. Pluribus Unum*, one out of many. Without further parley this was adopted, and thus the seal of the United States came from England.

THE rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

PERSONALITIES.

THE celebrated trotter "American Girl" dropped dead on the track while trotting a race at Elmira, N. Y., on the 2d of October. She was valued at $30,000.

WILLIAM WESTERVELT, convicted of conspiracy in the abduction of Charlie Ross, was sentenced on the 9th of October to seven years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN parts company with his friend, Dr. Miller, on the question of Spiritualism. "Psychology carries me forward, astrology carries you backward," he says. He will have none of Spiritualism.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, the youngest son of the Queen of England, has joined the temperance movement, having accepted the presidency of the Oxford branch of the Church of England Temperance Society.

ANNE BREWSTER, the correspondent, had a narrow escape from death during a recent Alpine excursion. Her foot slipped on a shelf of a rock, and below her lay a glacier and death, when she was luckily caught just in time by one of the guides.

MRS. F. E. SIGOURNEY, at one time well known in literary and musical circles, attempted to commit suicide on the night of October 8th, by lying down on a railroad track. She was discovered and removed before the train reached her.

MR TORR, of Aylesbury, England, recently sold eighty fine cattle for $214,650, being an average of $2,525 a head. The highest-priced beast, Bright Empress, brought $10,800; the other cows sold at $8,000, $7,500, $6,000, two at $5,000, and heifers at from $4,000 to $6,000.

MRS. BLACK, the "Maid of Athens," has an unmarried daughter who is described as "lovely and of exquisite manners." Here is a chance for emulators of Lord Byron to follow his example, and though they "fly to Istambol," let Athens hold their heart and soul.

MR. SMITH, whose discoveries at Nineveh have excited so much interest among scholars, will resume his excavations at that point under the direction of the trustees of the British Museum. His works on the "Chaldean Account of Genesis" is in press, and will shortly be issued.

IN denying the report that the Prince Imperial of France is about to make a tour of the world, the *Pays* newspaper of Paris makes the following significant remark: "At this moment a prince of the Imperial family must respectfully hold himself at the disposal of France, which may at any moment summon him."

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Government of Egypt has notified the Centennial authorities that 147 cases of goods to be exhibited by Egypt at the Centennial Exhibition have been shipped from Alexandria.

THE Seventh Regiment New York State National Guard has signified its intention of camping ten days in the vicinity of the Centennial grounds. They will pitch tents with full ranks of 1000 men about the 1st of July.

THE CENTENNIAL.—The colossal corner group of the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, London, which represents America, is being reproduced in terra cotta under the direction of Mr. Bell, the sculptor, especially for exhibition at the Centennial.

THE first instalment of plants from the Botanic Garden at Washington, D. C., intended for the Horticultural Department of the Centennial Exhibition, has arrived in this city. Additional plants will be sent here immediately, and among others a huge specimen of the Phœnix Sylvestris or date palm, 30 feet wide and 20 feet high.

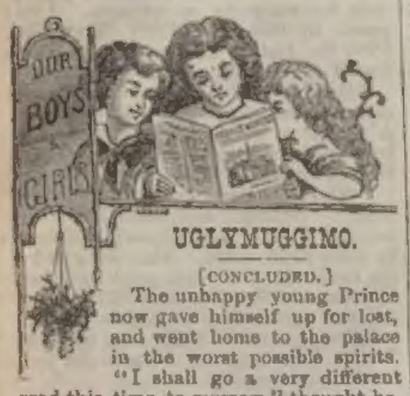
At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, at Indianapolis, Indiana, last month, P. G. Sire Nicholson, of Pennsylvania, offered a series of resolutions looking to a grand national celebration of the Order at Philadelphia during the Centennial year, and to holding its next session there, and that the 20th of September, 1876, at Philadelphia, be designated as the time and place of a great jubilee gathering of the Order. The resolution was referred.

GENERAL HAWLEY has received letters from Commodore Kingsland, of the New York Yacht Club; Commodore Forbes, of Boston, of the Eastern Yacht Club; Commodore Dickinson, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club; James Gordon Bennett, of New York, and others, favoring an international yacht race next autumn in connection with the Centennial. There is every prospect of the race coming off, and the gentlemen mentioned seem to have taken hold of the idea with the intention of carrying it through.

AN offer has been made to the Centennial Commission of a piece of ground about seven miles from Philadelphia suitable for a rifle range of 1000 yards, which can be used during the Centennial for an international match. The offer could be accepted if this city would organize a club to take charge of any local arrangements that might be necessary, and prepare targets, booths, etc. The expense would be trifling, while the interest to be added to the Exhibition would be immense.

THE following are the States which intend to have separate Exhibition buildings for their commissioners: Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas and Missouri. They will be built in a short time. The English Commission has made application for a third building, which they want erected alongside of the two already in course of erection. It is proposed that a model laundry, a model bakery, and a mess-room for the employees of the Commission, shall occupy the additional structure.

WEST POINT CADETS.—A fine piece of ground near George's Hill has been set apart for the West Point Cadets. On it barracks are to be erected and everything gotten in readiness for the encampment of the cadets during the coming summer. Their presence will add greatly to the interest of the Exhibition, and it will be the first time that very many of our own citizens have been afforded an opportunity of seeing them and witnessing their drill. As the time draws near for the inauguration of the Centennial Exposition, other and equally interesting features will be made known through the columns of THE POST.



UGLYMUGGIMO.

[CONCLUDED.]

The unhappy young Prince now gave himself up for lost, and went home to the palace in the worst possible spirits.

"I shall go a very different road this time to-morrow," thought he. However, he concealed his feelings as well as he could, not to distress his parents; for he was a dutiful son. All night he lay awake; and as soon as it day he got up and went out to take a last walk in the country, and while away the time till the dreadful hour of noon. After walking some time, he came to a wretched, tumble down old cottage; and looking in through the window (which was broken) he saw within an equally wretched and tumble-down old woman, dressed in rags, shivering with cold and lean with hunger.

"How now, Goody?" said he, walking into her miserable room through the broken door. "You don't seem over-comfortable here."

"Comfortable?" said she, in a cracked and wheezy voice, "I haven't known what that word means for these twenty years. I am old, and poor, and sick; I have got the ague, and the rheumatics, and the toothache, and the earache, and oh, such dreadful corns! I have nobody in the world to care for me; and I heartily wish I was dead, for I don't know what good I am here."

When the Prince heard the old woman talk in this way, the wicked thought which the ogre had put into his head came back to him, and began to tempt him. "Surely," he said to himself, "there can be no great harm in taking this poor wretched creature to the giant. Perhaps he won't like her, and then all will be well; but even if he does, of what value is her life, compared with the chance of saving mine? I am young, happy, beloved; my death will plunge my parents, my family, the whole nation into grief; and then what plans I had for doing good! How prosperous the people would have been under my reign! Surely I ought not to allow a weak scruple to deprive the world of the immense advantages which depend on my life; and this old thing, if she has any right feeling, ought to be proud of such an opportunity of making herself useful. If she could do any good here, it would be different; but she says herself——"

He was interrupted in these thoughts by a tapping at the broken window; and looking up, he saw a pretty white bird that had flown in.

"What is this?" said he to the old woman.

"Oh," said she, "it is a pigeon that I picked up with a broken leg when it was young. I brought it home and nursed it; and now it comes to me every day for such crumbs as I can give it."

The Prince's heart fairly smote him.

"I take this as a lesson," he said within himself; "I see now that every body is of some use in this world; and what right have I to take any one away from his place, and determine he will not be missed? This worthy old soul has been able to do a kindness to a creature more helpless than herself:—I have had my share of comforts, and now I will bear my misfortunes for myself like a man, and not steal the life from another in the hope of saving my own. I beg your pardon, ma'am, though you don't know what for; and pray accept my purse, for which I am afraid I have not much further use."

Then the Prince left the cottage; and as it was now getting near twelve o'clock, walked boldly towards the mountain. Meanwhile the ogre was expecting him very eagerly. The fact was, as perhaps you have guessed, that an old woman was a treat that he was particularly fond of; and he made sure that the Prince would take the hint he had given him and provide one, to try and escape from being eaten up himself; for he was so mean and cruel an ogre that he had no idea that anybody could do a generous action, or sacrifice himself rather than be unjust. He had eaten very little breakfast, on purpose to have a good appetite for his luncheon; and there he sat, licking his lips and watching the path by which the Prince was to come; and you may fancy his rage and disappointment when he saw him coming.

"What!" he roared out, "no old woman? I must have one! Where is she? Bring her! Quick!"

"Sir," said the Prince, as bravely as he could, "I have brought you no old woman; but you see I have kept my word, and come back myself."

"You!" cried the ogre. "You, indeed! What is a poor, tender young thing like you, compared to a fine, tough, bony grandmother? Why haven't you brought me one, you villain? What have you been about? Are you such a goose that you couldn't find out ever since yesterday."

"No," said the Prince. "I did find one; but I didn't choose to bring her;" and then he told the ogre all he had seen at the cottage, and all he had thought, just as I have told it to you.

As he was telling his story, the giant got into such a fury that he could hardly contain himself.

"What!" he bellowed out as soon as the Prince had finished, "do you mean to tell me that you have been such a noodle, such a nincompoop, such a chicken-hearted baby, that when you had a chance of saving yourself at the expense of one poor old woman, you wouldn't do it? Nonsense! I'll not believe it! You must tell me some more likely story, for I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!"

No sooner had he uttered these words, than there came a loud clap of thunder, and the monster turned as white as a sheet; and then there came a second clap, and the roof of the cavern burst open, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Fairies came sailing in, seated on his great flying inkstand, drawn by twenty-four bats, with parchment wings, and traces of red tape.

"You wicked and nasty ogre," said his lordship, in a stern and awful voice, "you have spoken your own sentence, and I have come to see it put in execution. You told the Prince that you would give him leave to cut off your head if he could bring you anything that you could not swallow; you have just confessed that he has; and now your hour has come!"

So saying, he drew forth the great Sword of Justice, eighteen feet long, which he always carried in his waistcoat-pocket, and presented it to the Prince.

"Go," he said, "meritorious youth; cut the head off that vile and hateful monster, and cast it out to the kites, wolves and foxes."

The Prince took the sword with a respectful bow, and going up to the ogre, who was now rolling on the floor, and blubbering like a great coward, as he was, flourished the weapon thrice, and then brought it down with so fair a blow on the giant's neck, that the head rolled from the shoulders; so there was an end of Uglymuggimo.

"Young man," then said the Chief Baron of the Fairies, "I am pleased with your conduct on the whole, though you allowed a base thought to get the better of you for a moment; so if there is anything that you would like, mention it before the Court rises, and I will grant it you."

"My Lord," said the Prince, again bowing respectfully, "I have more than I deserve already, and I wish for nothing further for myself; but if you could do anything to make that poor old woman more comfortable who taught me so good a lesson, I should be much obliged to you."

"Very well," said his lordship, "so be it; if you call upon her as you go home, I think you will see a change for the better."

So the prince walked cheerfully down the hill again; but when he came to the old woman's home, what do you think he saw? Instead of the wretched tumble-down old hovel that he had left, he saw the prettiest, neatest, white cottage you can imagine, covered with roses and honeysuckles; and walking in, he found the old lady nicely dressed, sitting in a comfortable arm chair, and looking as snug and happy as possible.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "how do you do, again? I hope you feel a little better than you did?"

"Oh, sir!" said she, "I am sure I don't know what has come over me! All my pains are gone; the house and everything seems grown new and fresh again; and, if I only had some nice young companion to live with me and look after me a bit, I should not envy the Queen of Cashmere herself."

No sooner had she said this, than the door opened, and a pretty little maiden, dressed in white, and walking rather lame, came in with a curtsey; and without saying a word, set about getting down the cups and saucers, and making the old lady some tea.

"Who and what are you, my dear," said the dame in astonishment, "and who sent you here?"

"Please, ma'am," said the little maiden, "I am the pigeon that you were so kind to. A fine little gentleman, sitting on a flying inkstand, touched me just now with a wand, which turned me into what you see; and then he told me to come and live with you for the rest of your days; which, I am sure, I shall be most happy to do."

So the Prince went home very well contended; but he ever afterwards took care not to lose his way out hunting.

REASON IS REASON, THOUGH NOT SEEN

"Why shouldn't we go abroad for the winter, like the swallows, and lots besides?" asked the House Sparrow.

"Can't say, indeed," replied his friend.

"We are as numerous," said the Sparrow. "See what flocks we make."

"Quite," said his friend.

"And we have good wings, and we don't like cold weather and starvation any more than they do," said the Sparrow.

"True," said his friend.

"Then why *don't* we go abroad?" said the Sparrow.

"That's beyond me to explain," said the other; "but indeed, brother, though not very old, I have lived long enough in the world to see there are many things I can't account for; and when I meet with one like this I make up my mind that the fault doesn't lie in its unreasonableness, but in my incapability of understanding it. By this rule, no doubt, the swallows satisfy themselves that it is right they should have to go abroad while we stop at home."

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching the idle boys. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.'

"It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and I immediately informed the master.

"'Indeed!' said he; 'how do you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have little time to find fault with the conduct of others.

NOT WORTH THE COST.

"By your leave, sir," said the water-rat to the kingfisher, "this is my house," and he sat still in the doorway to prevent his entrance.

"Nay, but I want to come in," said the kingfisher; "I have paid you visits before, and why not now? Think how handsome I am, and how much my family is sought after."

"You have been in before, sir; but, to tell you the truth, that's the very reason I prefer keeping you out now, notwithstanding your high family and fine clothes. You have an awkward habit of eating fish and leaving your bones at my door. Now I don't want anything laid to me that I don't deserve, and as I don't catch and eat fish, I won't have the credit of it; I consider no company worth having that takes away my character, however high in rank or fine in appearance."

LIFE may change, but it will not fly till the appointed hour; hope may vanish for a time, but it is deathless; truth may be veiled, but it endures; and love may be repulsed, but it returns.

TOM MOORE'S COTTAGE.

"Alone, by the Schuylkill, a wanderer I strayed."

This cottage, with the two old trees, which, in Tom Moore's time, threw their grateful shadows over its low roof and humble door, are now well stricken in years. The vine, which one of those trees has lifted into sunshine, still clings around it; but the old tree itself every springtime buds forth more feebly its leaves, and will soon be gone. These fair Schuylkill banks were to Moore, as to others whose troubles were more real than those which ordinarily affected the poet's over-sensitive existence, a "retreat so fair," as he has written,

"That his charmed soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there as in a dream of home."

Moore has left tributes of his genius to these scenes, and composed while residing in this cottage in 1804 the sweetest, we think, of all his ballads.

"I know by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Across the green elms, that a cottage was near.
And I said if there's peace to be found in this world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

TOM MOORE'S COTTAGE AT BELMONT.

BY A. C. J.

Ay! Here he lived and to his soul
Each rock, and tree, and streamlet spoke,
Whom harsher sound than song of birds
The sweet, sad stillness never broke.

Here found the Poet's soul content;
Here found the Peace he so long sought;
The murmurings of soft Schuylkill's stream
Sweet memories to his sad soul brought.

The smoke that curls above the Elms
From yonder rose-embowered out,
Speaks peace and rest, if in this world
We e'er may find a peaceful spot.

Yes; here he lived, and sung, and died—
Like Amaryllus fades away
But leaves its perfume on the air
So died he, but his songs will stay.

There's not a spot on Schuylkill's banks
Where Moore's sweet, sad-toned voice was heard,
But echoes still the Poet's song
Like softened notes of mockingbird.

Rest! rest thou, Poet; sleep in peace,
But let the lessons thou hast taught
By thy sweet, sadly gentle heart,
Perfume our every inmost thought.

Prairie Prince,

THE BOY OUTLAW;

OR,

TRAILED TO HIS DOOM!

BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY,

"BUFFALO BILL."

[This serial was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 55. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECRET STRONGHOLD.

When Prairie Prince and his Indian companions fled away from the river bank, the youth directed his steps towards his valley home, and after a rapid ride arrived in the vicinity of the settlement.

Here he left the chief and his daughter, concealed in a motte, while he continued on alone to the valley, where he was warmly welcomed by old Hiram and Nancy, who began to fear that he was dead.

"Hiram, I will be absent from home a long time; perhaps I may never return, for I have a duty to perform which I have sworn to accomplish. Now I wish to take with me a goodly supply of provisions, ammunition, clothing, blankets, and another rifle and a brace of revolvers."

"You ain't agwine to crute a regiment, is yer, Massa Iban?" asked Hiram, in surprise.

"No, Hiram; but I am going to make myself safe and comfortable in a retreat where I may have to spend some time. My bay horse I will also take with me, and you can pack on him the things I wish to carry with me."

With the aid of Hiram and his good old wife, all the preparations were soon made, and bidding farewell to his devoted friends, Ivan Gilmore, the Prairie Prince, left his home and set forth upon his undertaking, to avenge himself on those who had taken his father's life.

Again joining the chief and his daughter, the three started in an easterly direction, and after half a day's travel, came to where the country was broken with deep ravines, and where towering hills of rock were visible all around.

As if thoroughly acquainted with every foot of ground, Black Wolf led the way until they came to a narrow shelf that wound upward and around the base of a huge rocky hill.

It was a desperate looking pathway along which to ride, for the shelf was not more than four feet wide, and a slip of the hoof would send horse and rider hundreds of feet below.

Yet the chief hesitated not an instant, and Star Eyes and Prairie Prince quietly followed, the pack horse bringing up the rear.

After having traversed the distance of an eighth of a mile, steadily climbing upward all the way, a turn in the shelf brought them to a spot where the youth and maiden believed all lost, for the rocky path suddenly narrowed before until it ended against the side of the cliff.

Prairie Prince at first thought the chief had been mistaken and had taken the wrong path, and he shuddered when he thought of the fate that awaited his good Greyhound, for to turn on that narrow shelf was impossible.

As for himself, he knew that he could dismount and retrace his way, but the doom of the horses was sealed.

Glancing into the face of Star Eyes he observed there a look of perfect confidence in her father, and turning towards the silent chief, he saw no sign of trepidation, but rather a quiet smile of satisfaction on his mouth.

"Boy chief think Black Wolf caught in trap; he see," quietly said the chief, and moving on still nearer the narrowing edge, he now turned short off to the left and disappeared from sight.

Star Eyes quickly followed, and the next moment Prairie Prince learned the secret, and entered the narrow fissure in the rock, which was not visible three feet distant.

The led horse followed, and the party found themselves in a narrow gorge, and still following the lead of the chief, what was the surprise of Prairie Prince to come suddenly out into a small but fertile valley, a very fairy spot there in that mountain of rock.

Prairie Prince had heard of such freaks of nature, a garden spot in the midst of a desert, and within the heart of a mountain of rock, but never before had he realized the truth of the report.

But there he was, after passing through the rocks, in a valley of perhaps a dozen acres, with luxuriant grass all around, and plenty of timber growing upon either side of a small stream which glided through the centre of the oasis, and disappeared from sight by flowing into a cave under the mountain.

Heartily did Black Wolf enjoy the surprised pleasure with which his two companions gazed around them, and then he said:

"We stop here, build cabin, live much safe; horse stay here, eat plenty grass, have much water."

"You are right, chief; we and our animals can be safe and comfortable here, but is there no other way of getting into the valley."

"Bird come here, but man come as we come."

"Good! we can stop that rocky gateway up, and our horses will be snug and safe. Now let us set to work and build a cabin."

The chief was willing, and at once the two went to work, Star Eyes devoting her time to the culinary duties.

With their hatchets Prairie Prince and Black Wolf soon cut down some long poles, with which they closed up the rocky entrance, to prevent the horses from straying out, and then by nightfall they had received timber enough to erect them a comfortable cabin against the side of the cliff, and beneath the shelter of a huge tree.

Several days thus passed away, and then the fugitives found themselves most comfortable in their new home, and as a tramp of a few hours would furnish them with game in plenty, and the stream was well stocked with fine fish, they felt no fear of starving, and were assured that come what might, they could defend their stronghold against a hundred men, even if they could be tracked to their retreat, which was extremely doubtful, as the valley had only been found by Black Wolf through his following a wounded elk thither.

The revolvers that Prairie Prince had brought with him from home, he had presented to the chief, and to Star Eyes he had given the extra rifle, it being a small one his father had purchased for him when he was a mere lad, and a fair division of blankets and clothing being made, the three found themselves far from being uncomfortable, and dreaded not the future.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEATH-SHOTS.

It was a lovely afternoon of a pleasant day, some two weeks after the escape of Prairie Prince and Star Eyes, and enjoying the beauty of the evening by a row upon the river, were Daisy Racine and the adjutant, Leo Denver.

Of late the beautiful maiden had seemed to look most kindly upon the handsome young officer, and it was the rumor in the fort that Leo Denver would one day lay successful siege to the fair fortress of Daisy's heart.

As the boat floated idly upon the waters, kept from drifting down stream by an occasional movement of the paddle in the hand of the young officer, it was evident that a love scene was being enacted, for the faces of both told the tale.

At the time they are presented to the reader, the adjutant was speaking, and his tone was soft but earnest.

"Daisy, you will not even give me a ray of hope, and I think it unkind of you. I would do anything for you."

"I know you would, Lieutenant Denver, for you proved your love for me, and your willingness to serve me, when two weeks since you disguised yourself as a common soldier, overcame the guard, and released Star Eyes and the Prairie Prince from captivity."

"With your aid, fair Daisy, for you planned."

"True; but I sought you out to assist me because I knew you could be trusted, and because—because——"

"Because you loved me, Daisy?"

"No; I will not say that, but because I heard your words to my father regarding his unkind condemnation of the young lad without a trial."

"Ah me! Well, thank God, we were successful! But it liked to have been a mishap, and I had just dragged off my soldier suit, when your father rushed to my door and bade me give chase in the boat."

"And, do you know, it worries my father day and night to discover who was the powerful private soldier who bound and gagged the guard."

"Once or twice I thought he had a suspicion——"

"Not he; yet he has told me frankly that he believed I had a hand in it, but my demure countenance under suspicion deceived him. Where do you think the Prairie Prince is, lieutenant?"

"Ah me! I wish I could awaken an interest for me in your heart that you feel for this dashing boy," sighed the adjutant.

"That is not answering my question, sir."

"True. I think he has let well enough alone and emigrated from these parts."

"There you mistake him, for he vowed to be avenged, you say, and I feel that he will keep his oath. How many were there engaged in the hanging of that deserter?"

"Your father gave the order, you know, and then there was Sergeant Howard, who fell by the hand of Prairie Prince, Sergeant Carter and ten troopers."

"Thirteen! An unlucky number, it is said. And my father was the one who ordered the execution? Adjutant Denver, I feel that that youth will keep his oath, and then God have mercy upon my poor father!"

"It is a desperate thing, Miss Daisy, to attempt to slay thirteen men. The youth has pluck, I admit, but I think you need have no fears regarding the major's life."

"What can be the motive of the youth in avenging the death of the deserter?"

"It is said in the fort, Miss Daisy, that the boy's name is Ivan Gilmore; the man hung was named Gerold Gilmore, and may have been the father of the Prairie Prince."

"No wonder he is revengeful, then. What a pity his father should have deserted. Ah! yonder is papa now, so let us row ashore and join him," said Daisy, pointing to the small summer-house on the bank, where stood Dudley Racine, idly gazing out upon the river.

A few moments more, and the adjutant and his fair companion stood beside the commandant, whose brow was dark and stern.

"Denver, one of the scouts reports that the Prairie Prince is again in this neighborhood."

"Indeed, sir. When was he seen, and where?" and the adjutant glanced towards Daisy, who turned suddenly pale.

"Last night he was seen at the grave of the deserter, Gilmore, whom I had hung some time ago, and it is my intention to send out a squadron in search of him to-night."

"What officer will you have go on this scout, sir?"

"Lieutenant Barton can go with, say twenty men, and order him to bring him back dead or alive, for I have outlawed him along the frontier, and warned the settlers against harboring him. Ah! yonder comes Sergeant Carter now."

As Major Racine spoke, the newly made sergeant approached, and saluting, said:

"An Injun scout has come in, sir, and says as how the Prairie Prince is near by, sir, and he's a-looking out for some scalps."

"He'll look in vain when—— Ha! in the name of God what means this?"

The sudden exclamation of the major was called forth by a terribly startling incident, for, even as he was speaking, there came a distant crack of a rifle, the whirr of a bullet, and Sergeant Carter, wildly clutching the air, staggered forward, gave one shriek of despair, and fell dead at Daisy's feet.

Instantly the outpost was a scene of stirring excitement, and every eye was turned upon the other bank of the river, where, calmly sitting upon his horse, was visible a horseman gazing coolly upon the stir his death-shot had excited.

"The Boy Outlaw!"

"The Prairie Prince!"

"The Boy Avenger!"

Such were the cries that burst from the crowd of soldiers, trappers, scouts, and hunters, and a dozen rifles were leveled at him, aimed and fired, but without apparent effect.

"Hawkins, up into the river tower and give him a shot from the howitzer," yelled the major, almost beside himself with rage.

A cheer greeted the order of the commandant, the corporal bounded forward to obey, and the next moment was seen ramming a charge home in the howitzer.

Then all was as quiet as the grave as Hawkins sighted his gun at the Prairie Prince, who still sat his horse with seeming indifference to his danger.

A steady aim, and the match was applied, and the deep boom of the gun echoed rumblingly along the river banks, while the whizzing shell sped onward and burst with a loud report just over the head of the daring youth.

Greyhound squatted low at this unexpected greeting, and for a moment it was believed he was hit hard, but instantly checking him, the Prairie Prince quickly raised his rifle, and, ere any one knew the object of his aim, there came a puff of smoke, a yell of terror, and Corporal Hawkins, who had sprung upon the log balustrade to note the effect of his shot, toppled over and fell with a heavy thud to the ground.

One loud, defiant yell came from the daring young outlaw as he wheeled his horse and dashed away across the rolling prairie.

"After him, and a thousand dollars to the man who brings me his scalp!" cried Dudley Racine, and in his voice there was a tremor of dread.

But already had the boy outlaw begun to keep his oath, and three of Gerold Gilmore's murderers were dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PRISONER AND A LOVER.

Among the parties started in pursuit of the Prairie Prince, after his double death-shot into the outpost, was a squadron placed under the command of Adjutant Denver, for the young officer was noted as a thorough plainsman, and in his courage and skill Major Racine had the utmost confidence.

Determined to endeavor to frighten the young outlaw out of the country, though not desirous of taking him prisoner, Leo Denver pressed on in hot haste on the trail of the youth, until darkness settled upon the prairie, and he sought a small copse of timber in which to encamp for the night.

Soon the troopers and scouts of the squadron had encamped, and the young lieutenant strolled forth for a walk around the motte, little dreaming of any danger so near his men.

At length he reached a point some distance from his men, and was about to retrace his steps, when a whirr sounded in his ears, a slight blow was felt, and a coil settled around his shoulders and pinned his arms to his side ere he could offer the slightest resistance.

The next moment a tall form bounded from the shelter of the timber, and quickly removed the revolver and sash of the adjutant, at the same time saying:

"Black Wolf will not harm the white brave, but he must be quiet."

Wholly in the power of the Indian, adjutant Denver accepted his fate quietly, and was bound firmly hand and foot.

After having thus secured his prisoner, the chief disappeared in the gloom of the timber, and half an hour passed ere he returned, and when he arrived he was mounted and led the steed of the officer.

"Let white brave get on horse and come."

"And whither, Black Wolf?" said Leo Denver, speaking for the first time.

"Come see. Me like white brother; me no hurt him if he keep still."

With a sigh, the adjutant signified his readiness to obey, and the chief, having unbound his feet and hands, he mounted his horse, and the two set off together across the prairie, and in the course of time arrived in the neighborhood of the secret retreat.

Here the chief again bound the adjutant, and tied his red silk sash around his head, so as to thoroughly blindfold him.

Then, taking the rein of Leo's steed, he led him forward, and after two hours' ride, the lieutenant little dreaming of the terrible gauntlet of death he was running, the two turned into the narrow gorge, and when the sash was removed from his eyes, the surprised officer found himself in the beautiful valley where was the home of the three fugitives.

Before him stood Star Eyes, who, upon catching his gaze, stepped forward and said:

"White brave is a great warrior, and is the friend of Star Eyes."

"Yes, Star Eyes, I have ever been the friend of both yourself and the Black Wolf; but why am I thus treated by my friends?"

"The Prairie Prince will tell you; he come soon."

"I fear not, poor fellow, for a hundred men are on his trail."

"He come; scout no take Prairie Prince," confidently asserted Black Wolf, and as he spoke the clatter of hoofs was heard, and up dashed the Boy Outlaw, his horse covered with foam, and his face flushed with excitement.

"Ha! Black Wolf, you have succeeded sooner than I anticipated. Pardon me, sir, but I sent my Indian ally here, to make prisoner an officer from the fort, and, if I mistake not, you were the gentleman I saw with Miss Racine in a boat on the river last night?"

"I was out rowing with Miss Racine last evening, shortly before your wonderful shots which slew two of our best men."

"Lieutenant, I do not easily forget a face or form, and in you I recognize one to whom I owe my life. I refer to the night of the departure of myself and Star Eyes."

"You have indeed a keen eye, Prairie Prince, and you are a daring and remarkable youth; would that you were in your country's service, and not engaged in tracking men to death," and the officer spoke warmly.

"Lieutenant, I felt no hatred in my heart a few short months ago; but since then one whom I loved more dearly than life was ruthlessly strung up to a tree and hung, under the pretence that he was a deserter from the army, when never in his life had he worn a soldier's uniform. That man thus hung by Dudley Racine was my father, Gerold Gilmore, and to avenge his death I have sworn to trail to his doom every man whose hand held the rope that hung him, and the one who ordered his execution; but the chief sinner shall be reserved for the last, for it will cause him to tremble with dread as each one of the doomed band falls by my hand."

The Prairie Prince had wrought himself into a most excited state, and for a few moments he paced to and fro, his mouth firm and eyes flashing. After a while he again halted in front of the lieutenant, and said:

"That all the mercy in my heart is not gone I will now prove, and it was to make a proposition to your commander that I put Black Wolf on the trail of an officer of the fort, and I am glad that you were the one to fall into his hands. It cuts me to the heart to shoot a man down from an ambush, and I am willing to compromise with Dudley Racine, and beg you to bear to him my challenge. If he will meet me in single combat, either with rifle, pistol or knife, let him appoint his day and rendezvous, and I will be there. Should I fall by his hand, I will have fallen in a good cause. If I slay him, I pledge myself to at once leave the frontier and no longer follow the trail of death. Tell him that the son of Gerald Gilmore defies him to meet him in single combat. If he refuses, let him beware; for day and night will I be on the trail of the doomed band, and I will not rest until the thirteen have been tracked to their doom."

"My young friend, I deeply feel for you in the sorrows that you have known, and your challenge to my commander shall be faithfully borne to him," and the lieutenant spoke with deep feeling.

"I thank you, sir; were it not for the beautiful girl, whose life I once saved, I would show Dudley Racine no mercy, but shoot him down like a dog; yet on her account I would show mercy, and hence I offer him a chance for his life against mine. Now, lieutenant, with your promise not to attempt to leave here without my permission, I will relieve you of your bonds, and as long as you will remain we will all be glad to make you most welcome."

Giving his promise to the Boy Outlaw, Leo Denver at once found himself free, and signified his intention of passing a day and night in the valley, for the beauty of Star Eyes again held him captive, as it had before Daisy Racine became the Angel of the fort, as the troopers called her.

Again under the influence of Star Eyes, Leo almost forgot Daisy, especially when he recalled the fact that she would give him no hope of gaining her love, and was, as he firmly believed, half in love with the handsome outlaw youth.

Thus it was that on the third day after his arrival Leo Denver left the stronghold with a sigh, and yet in a happy frame of mind, for the lovely Star Eyes

had promised to one day become his bride, and he had determined in his mind to become a settler and build a cabin home for his beautiful bride, for Indian maid though she was, Star Eyes was well educated, and her intercourse with the wives and daughters of the officers had given her the easy grace and manners of a city born lady.

In leaving the stronghold Black Wolf had again blindfolded his prisoner, who submitted to it with a good grace, and both Prairie Prince and the chief conducted him to within a short distance of the fort, and there left him, after appointing a rendezvous for the meeting of Major Racine and the youth whom he had branded with the name of outlaw.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEO DENVER'S MISSION.

Wondering at his strange adventure, and with Star Eyes playing the heroine in his every thought, Adjutant Leo Denver rode slowly on towards the fort, to at last surprise all by his sudden appearance in their midst, for every one had given him up as lost, believing he had fallen beneath the rifle of the Boy Outlaw, who was now feared as though he was the devil himself..

Cheer after cheer greeted the popular young officer, but impressed with the mission he had to perform, he rode on, and soon dismounted at the door of his commander.

Dudley Racine welcomed his adjutant warmly, and invited him to a seat upon the piazza, at the same time bidding him give an account of himself, and saying that Daisy had been most anxious regarding his safety.

At the name of Daisy, Leo Denver turned scarlet, but it was at the thought that another held a claim upon him; a dark-skinned child of the forest, whom he really loved with his whole heart.

After a short hesitation the young officer made known the adventure that had befallen him, recounting his capture, his being carried bound and blindfolded to the secret home of the fugitives, and the challenge given him by the Boy Outlaw to bear to his commander.

Dudley Racine turned deadly pale, and for once his truly brave heart quailed, for he felt that a deadly foe was upon his track, one who he, better than any one else, knew had just cause for revenge.

A long time he sat in silence, in painful communion with his thoughts, and at last he said:

"Denver, I will not meet that outlaw, boy though he is. But he shall yet be taken, and then a terrible punishment shall be his," and Dudley Racine paced to and fro in an excitement he in vain tried to subdue.

"Then I must return and make your answer known, for so I promised."

"No, there is no need of it," and then, as a sudden gleam of joy shot in his eyes, he continued: "It will take you some time, will it not?"

"Half a day, sir."

"Ah! then the rendezvous appointed is near here?"

"Yes, sir; at the motte where Gilmore was hung."

"Very well, you can go and make your report, and tell him that he need expect no mercy if he falls in my hands."

"He knows that full well, Major Racine."

"It is well he does. When do you start, Denver?"

"I will meet him at sunset to-night."

"Very well; you shall have an escort, for it is not safe for you to go alone."

"Thank you, major; but it is hardly necessary."

"I prefer it; I would feel better satisfied to know that you were not in danger, so I will detail ten or a dozen troopers to accompany you."

Leo Denver bowed his thanks and left the cabin, wondering in his mind what deep mystery lay hidden regarding the hatred existing between Major Racine and the Boy Outlaw, for that there was a mystery he felt assured.

After the departure of the adjutant, Dudley Racine sent for Sergeant Sims, the man who had been appointed to the place of those who had been slain by the Prairie Prince.

"Sims, you are aware that a young devil is on the trail of myself, and every man who held the rope that hung Gerold Gilmore, the deserter?"

"Yes, sir; and the men are very blue about it, for we do not know what moment we may have to go," replied the sergeant, anxiously.

"It is to stop this secret massacre that I have sent for you, and I wish your aid; do you think the doomed band would be willing to unite together in a plan for the capture of the Boy Outlaw?"

"Indeed they would, sir."

"Good! then, after dark, you come here, and during the day see each one of the men whom the youth has doomed to death, and bid them meet you here at nine o'clock. Let them come one by one, and, mind you, not a word of my plans must be breathed outside."

"All right, sir," and the sergeant disappeared to again return to his commandant's quarters at the appointed hour.

Dudley Racine sat in his easy chair, and as each soldier arrived he motioned them to a seat upon a settee.

When all were present, the major said:

"Comrades, I have a plan by which you can rid yourselves of the young devil who has sworn away your lives, and then you will no longer live in constant dread. To-morrow afternoon you will have an opportunity of meeting this Boy Outlaw, and I desire to know if you are willing to throw yourselves upon him and make him prisoner?"

"Indeed are we, sir," answered several voices, and the major continued, after a long pause:

"Adjutant Denver starts to-morrow morning to have a meeting with this youth, and after he has held his conference I wish you to rush forward and seize upon him; but until the end of his conversation with the lieutenant I desire that not one of you show the slightest sign of hostility; nay, more, your officer must in no way suspect your design. Are you willing to obey my orders in this?"

Every voice replied in the affirmative, and Dudley Racine went on:

"I do not wish you to kill the boy, unless you cannot take him otherwise, and then shoot him down. Now, remember, you will be detailed to-morrow to accompany the adjutant, and he must in no way suspect your designs; now help yourselves there to a glass of whisky, there, corporal, on the sideboard, and return to your quarters."

The men thanked their commander and departed, congratulating themselves upon the near approach to the end of their further dread regarding their lives.

Dudley Racine sat long in silence after their departure, his eyes glittering with malicious joy. At length he arose and paced the room, muttering half aloud:

"With his death the end has come, and I will be the lord and master. Well, after long years of waiting, I see the future brightening, and to-morrow will make me—no, I must not breathe it even here."

So saying he threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed, and was soon sleeping soundly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EQUINOCTIAL.

The sun of life has crossed the line,
The Summer-shine of lengthened light
Failed and failed—till, where I stand,
'Tis equal day and equal night.

One after one as dwindling hours,
Youth's glowing hopes have dropped away.
And soon may barely leave the gleam
That coldly scores a Winter's day.

I am not young, I am not old;
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,
Paling and deepening, each to each,
Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields
Not yet disrobed of all their green;
While westerly, along the hills,
Flame the first tint of frosty sheen.

Ah! middle point, where clouds and storm
Make battle ground of this my life!
Where, even-matched, the night and day
Wage round me their September strife!

I bow me to the threatening gale;
I know when that is overpast,
Among the peaceful harvest days
An Indian Summer comes at last.

A REAL-LIFE ROMANCE.

ERWIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY C. A. E.

Who does not know of the magnificent cathedral of Strasburg, the work of four long centuries? Inaugurated in the fifteenth century, it has since resisted all ravages of man and time, and still stands as firm, as imposing as ever! How many lives have been consumed in carving this host of statues? How many have there embodied the wonderful inspirations of their genius? How much patience and courage were essential to interweave this immense fabric of stone, which commences at the ground and finishes almost in the clouds? God alone can tell! But from among the generations of illustrious unknown, who successfully pursued this work, some few names have been preserved by popular tradition, which, oblivious of the great, has perpetuated more touching memories; and whilst ignoring the origin of the first plan of the holy basilica, yet recalls the story of a young girl who sculptured the last stone. All that the people have retained of this long history of the science and art of the medieval age, is a legend which the peasant girls of Alsace relate as they while away the evening.

The following is the substance of their recital:

In the thirteenth century the architect, Erwin de Steinbach, was entrusted with the construction of the tower, which was to crown the cathedral. He was an old man, who asked of Heaven his genius, and only used it for the greatest glory of Christ. God had given him a son named Jean, and a daughter named Sabine, who helped him in his work. Jean was his strength, Sabine his heart; with the former he dare undertake, with the latter he was happy in executing. Both had received celestial gift, and moulded the stone in obedience to their thoughts; but the young girl had, besides, the beauty of an angel. Wherever she appeared, her countenance sweetly beguiled the heart, and captivated all who beheld her; when she spoke her face was forgotten in the charm of her voice, and any one of the young architects and sculptors who worked under her father's direction would have given all the wealth of the world to obtain her love. Two especially had openly declared their pretensions. One was a Silesian named Bernard de Sunder, the other a Frenchman from Boulogne, called Polydore. They possessed equal ability in the production and execution of sculptural designs; but their characters were unlike as the tempest is unlike the calm of a cloudless sky. Bernard was humble, subdued, full of respect for men, and love for God. Polydore, on the contrary, was proud, audacious, rebellious against earth and heaven.

Sabine had remarked these dissimilarities and avowed her preference for the young German. From the knowledge of this, Polydore experienced a grief which soon became transformed into sullen rage. Nevertheless, he hoped that the young girl might yet be induced to change her sentiments.

Erwin died, and the Council of Strasburg issued a proclamation announcing that the continuation of the tower should be confided to that one of the young architects who would furnish within the period of twelve days the finest design. Before the expiration of the appointed term the Frenchman had finished his, and every one declared that it could not be surpassed. Sabine was struck with admiration at seeing it, and could not refrain from tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked Polydore.

"Alas!" replied the young girl, "I weep because my father, when dying, made me swear that no other name should be attached to his work. I had hoped that it would be within the power of my brother to complete it; but now you have excelled him, and the name of Polydore will replace that of Erwin."

"You can prevent it yet," answered the Frenchman. "Consent to marry me, and I yield to your brother the honor of finishing the tower."

Sabine made no reply, but retired to her own apartment, her heart racked with contending emotions. If she persisted in her partiality for Bernard de Sunder, she could not keep the oath made to her father; if, on the other hand, she accepted Polydore's proposal, she saved the glory of Erwin, but lost her own happiness. Oppressed with uncertainty, she approached the table upon which was spread a large sheet of parchment, and, in distraction, took up her pen, which she unconsciously turned in her fingers while addressing to God prayers mingled with tears; at length, overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep. Her sleep lasted the whole night, and when she awoke the first rays of the sun were dancing joyously across the window.

She uttered a cry of surprise as she glanced at the table, for there on the sheet of parchment was an admirable drawing representing the facade of the cathedral as it appears to-day. God had undoubtedly heard the prayers of Erwin's daughter, and had sent one of His angels to trace for her the marvellous design which must gain the prize.

In fact, it sufficed but to present it to the members of the council for them to decide unanimously that the young girl was capable of completing the work her father had commenced. At her request, however, her brother was associated with her, and Bernard de Sunder offered himself as an assistant; but Polydore, tormented with jealousy, went away in silence.

Jean and Sabine took up their abode in the great court of the church, in order to watch more closely the achievements of their plans. Endowed suddenly with an unaccountable and supernatural gift, Sabine seemed exempt from the laws of time. Hardly were her ideas conceived before they were miraculously wrought out; her chisel multiplied ornaments around Erwin's edifice, and the rapid creation of so many masterpieces was inexplicable. Sabine herself was apparently unable to solve the mystery.

Meanwhile, the great figure destined for the portal of the clock had received the last touch. She had it placed in position, but this process occupied the entire day, and it was necessary to wait till the following morning to judge of the effects produced by the statue. At early dawn Sabine hastened with the crowd, eager to behold the new *chef d'œuvre*. Horror and desolation! During the night the statue had been mutilated and the greater part of the decoration so recently executed by Sabine shamefully marred. An outcry of astonishment arose on all sides; but this was succeeded by dubious murmurs. What hand could have injured the labor of the young girl? Was it the hand of a man or a demon?

"The devil never destroys the works of those whom he protects!" objected a voice. And as they wondered the same voice recounted the strange expeditiousness with which Sabine had despatched all this labor, her unexpected triumph in the competition instituted by the Council, her affectation of living in thought and solitude. These suspicions, sown in the multitude, speedily took root. The young girl had involuntarily embittered many hearts, both by her good fortune and her beauty; and the report spread that God refused the works of Erwin's daughter, because they were the inspiration of an evil spirit. Dismayed by this accusation, Sabine withdrew to the little studio where she was wont to prosecute her task, and remained until evening in prayers and tears.

Bernard de Sunder, after vainly attempting to console her, sought his own retreat, opposite the tower; but the sorrow of his betrothed greatly distressed him and banished all hopes of sleep. He arose and leaned sadly on his window. The night was dark; the wind roared through the vast, deserted tower, and great drops of rain beat violently against the slabs of stone. Bernard, wholly preoccupied, rested his head on his hand. Suddenly a hard, reiterated sound, like that of a hammer breaking stone, interrupted the stillness of the night. The young German raises his head. Before him, on the highest scaffold, a shadow is visible. The form cannot be distinguished, but the movement and the noise make it evident that the destruction began on the previous night is being effected. Bernard starts and bends forward, when another sound strikes upon his ear; it is the more cautious and regular fall of the mallet on the sculptor's chisel. He turns, and at the other extremity of the tower perceives a white vision, which dexterously repairs the outrages of the hostile hand. From either side the responsive blows follow in quick alternation. Here the dark shadow malevolently destroys, there the white phantom steadily restores. But all at once the latter stops; it has heard the sound of the inimical hammer; it springs up; as a ray of light traverses the scaffolding, leaps over the intercolumniations, glides along the cornices, and arrives like a thunderbolt in front of the sinister shadow. At this moment the moon, emerging from a cloud, casts a pale gleam athwart the indented stones, and Bernard recognizes Sabine and Polydore!

Polydore, startled by the approach of the white apparition, and seeing Erwin's daughter with fixed eyes, quivering lips and angry brow, recoils with a shriek, and, losing his balance, falls dead in the court. Bernard, terrified, descends swiftly, rushes towards the tower, and reaches it in time to receive in his arms the young girl, who is just awakening.

All was now explained. It was easily understood how Sabine—thanks to somnambulism, which made her sleep a new period of toil—had accomplished such prodigies, and how envious hatred had endeavored to ruin all.

Bernard married the maiden, now so fully justified, and the tower, finished through their exertions, was inaugurated on St. John's Day.

MOSQUITOES OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

In a work recently published in London, "The Land of the North Wind, or Travels Among the Laplanders and the Samoyedes," the author, Edward Roe, gives the following account of the Arctic mosquitoes, which almost makes us content with our own:

"The one bitter drop in our cup of joy was the monstrous but inseparable curse of Arctic summer life, the mosquito. He abounded, flourished, luxuriated, surpassed himself, and out-mosquitoed himself on the Kuloi river. We were at his mercy. Our veils, gauntlets, handkerchiefs, flapper—all were a vanity and vexation. To kill was wanton, for to destroy sufficient was impossible. We had foreseen all this, and had even thought of taking, among other things, a woodpecker from home with us to protect our faces while we slept. But one woodpecker would have been a solemn mockery. We should have required a fresh woodpecker every five minutes. I suppose these were the historical flies that punished the disobedient, obstinate Egyptians. They came forth in order, and after three grievous plagues—the corruption of the waters, the multitude of frogs and the swarms of lice—had entirely failed. We are becoming connoisseurs in mosquitoes; we watch them traverse our veils like figures on slides in a magic lantern. There is the yellow stripped vampire mosquito, with a triple fang to the proboscis; there is the brown, humpbacked or camel mosquito, with legs of gossamer, who appears to our vindictive eyes to be from two to three inches in length; finally, there is the scorpion mosquito, very searching and business like. We dislike him greatly, for he wastes no time. We know now that leather is a hollow delusion, and armor plated gauntlets are of no avail."

EDMUND KEAN'S DEBUT.

There is, perhaps, no situation in life so entrancing as one of those rare first-nights, when some genius has appeared on the stage and carried away the audience in a whirl of success. The fortunate few who have enjoyed such an opportunity may fairly look back to that night as one of delicious enchantment.

Associated with the London stage there are hardly more than three of these grand triumphs—of whom only one was an untried debutant. We allude to Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and Edmund Kean.

The history of Kean's struggles, privations, and gallant confidence in himself all through, would of themselves be a most interesting and instructive story, but it is our intention here only to give an account of the tempestuous victory which at last crowned his indomitable perseverance.

One November night in the year 1841, he was playing at Dorchester. "When the curtain drew up," he says, "I saw a wretched house; a few people in the pit and gallery, and *three persons in the boxes*, showed the quality of attraction we possessed. In the stage-box, however, there was a gentleman who appeared to understand acting—he was very attentive to the performance. Seeing this, I was determined to play my best. The strange man did not applaud, but his looks told me that he was pleased. After the play I went to my dressing-room under the stage, to change my dress for the savage"—Kankon, a character in a pantomime—"so that I could hear every word that was said overhead. I heard the gentleman of the stage-box ask Lee, who was the manager, the name of the performer who played Octavian. 'Oh,' answered Lee, 'his name is Kean—a wonderful clever fellow.' 'Indeed!' said the gentleman. 'He is certainly very clever, but he is very small.' 'His mind is large; no matter for his height,' said Lee. By this time I was dressed for the savage, and I therefore mounted the stage. The gentleman bowed to me, and complimented me slightly upon my playing. 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'will you breakfast with me to-morrow? I shall be glad to have some conversation with you. My name is Arnold; I am the manager of Drury Lane Theatre.' I staggered as if I had been shot. My acting the savage was done for. I, however, stumbled through the part." On catching sight of his eldest child, who was suffering from water on the brain, he checked his delight; and he closes his narrative with the touching comment, "If Howard gets well, we shall all be happy yet."

Within a week the child died, and though the grand dream of his life was about to be accomplished, this loss seemed to make him indifferent. "The joy I felt," he wrote to Drury Lane, "three days since at the flattering prospects of future prosperity is now obliterated by the unexpected loss of my child. Howard, sir, died on Monday morning last. . . . This heart-rending event must delay me longer in Dorchester than I intended. Immediately I reach London I will again, I hope with more fortitude, address you."

When he reached town his appearance, and some other reasons, discouraged the manager. He was treated coldly by actors at the single rehearsal which was hurried through on the morning of his performance. The stage-manager listened contemptuously to the new actor, and declared that "it wouldn't do." At the close all shrugged their shoulders, and announced that failure was certain.

The rehearsal concluded, Kean returned home to enjoy with his wife the unusual luxury of a dinner. He remained at home until six o'clock, when the striking of the church clocks warned him that it was time to depart. Snatching up a small bundle containing the few necessaries with which he was bound to provide himself, he kissed his wife and infant son, and hurriedly left the house. "I wish," he muttered, "that I was going to be shot." With his well-worn boots soaked with the thickly encumbered slush, he slunk in at the stage door as if desirous of escaping observation.

Everything was against him. The night, as the whole day had been, was wet and miserable. He paddled through the mud and slush, and arrived, wet through, at the theatre, where he silently crept to a dressing-room, of which he was allowed only a share; dressed himself, to the amusement and even contempt of his fellows, who noticed that he was putting on a black, instead of the traditional red wig of Shylock. The stage-manager did not remonstrate—giving him up as hopeless. He hardly spoke to him.

When dressed, he went to the wing, and saw an empty, cheerless house—in the pit, about fifty persons. Then the curtain rose. Soon the audience began to waken to enthusiasm, and by the end of the first act, there was an instinct behind the scenes that genius was present, and that a success was at hand. The players began to gather about him and congratulate, but he shrank from them with a look, and withdrew into concealment. From that moment the enthusiasm rose, the theatre began to echo with prolonged shouts. The presence and power of the genius were acknowledged with an enthusiasm that shook the very roof. As before, Kean remained reserved and solitary, but he was now sought after. Raymond, the acting manager, who had haughtily told him that his innovations would not do, came to offer him oranges. Arnold, the stage-manager, who had "young man'd" him, came to present him—"Sir"—with some negus. Kean cared for nothing more now than his fourth act, and in that his triumph culminated. As he passed to the sorry and almost roofless dressing-room, Raymond saluted him with the confession that he had made a hit; Pope, more generous, avowed that he had saved the house from ruin.

Trembling with agitation and excitement, he took off the Jew's dress and resumed his old, old threadbare suit, turned disdainfully from the genuine applause of his fellow-actors, and left the house. Through the wet and slush he rushed home, flew upstairs, and clasped his wife in his arms. He poured out the story of his triumph. "Mary," he cried, "you shall ride in your carriage! And Charley, my boy," and he turned to his infant, "you shall go to Eton!" Here his voice faltered, and he murmured the name of the child he had so recently lost.

There is nothing in the whole round of the plays so dramatic or so thrilling as this.

REVIEWER.

We have received the following new pieces of music:

FROM ROOT & SONS' MUSIC CO., Chicago, Ills.

"The Song Messenger" for July, 1875. A monthly musical magazine, published by Root & Son's Music Co.

This is a very excellent magazine, containing three pieces of new music and interesting reading matter. One article alone, entitled "Home Music—as It Is, and as It Might Be," should be read by all lovers of music.

"Kiss and Forget the Past." A popular song sung with immense success by Haverley's Minstrels. Words by George Corpe; music by Arthur Baker. Publishers: Smith & Baker, Battle Creek, Michigan.

"O, Thou Art Like a Flow'ret" (Du Bist wie eine blume). By F. G. Gleason.

"Our Darling's Shoes." Song and chorus. Words by F. S. Chandler; music by J. Murray Leonard.

"My Own." A Ballad by Edward Holat. Author of "Queen of Hearts," and "I cannot Forget Thee."

"Where Earth and Heaven Meet." Song. Music composed by George F. Root.

"Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers?" Words by Arthur W. Freud. Music by George W. Persley.

FROM CHURCH & Co., Music Publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The "Song Premium;" the "Piano Premium;" the "Classic Premium."

These are three valuable volumes of music, elegantly bound in cloth, each suited to a different capacity and style, as indicated by the titles, which are given as premiums exclusively to subscribers to "Church's Musical Visitor," a monthly musical magazine published by John Church & Co. The "Song Premium" is a collection of popular songs; the "Piano Premium" is for those who prefer instrumental music, and contains the choicest pieces by Strauss, Kinkel, and others; and the "Classic Premium" is for more advanced players, having pieces by Chopin, Beethoven, Mozart, etc.

"Church's Musical Visitor." A journal devoted to music and fine arts. Published by John Church & Co., Cincinnati, O., at $1.50 per annum.

We consider this a first-class musical publication, varied and instructive in its literature of song and harmonies, and we cordially recommend it to all of our musical readers. The above premiums are given gratis to subscribers.

FROM SEP WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, we have received the following new and choice pieces of music:

"The West End Polka Quadrille." By Frank Green.

"The Weeping Family." A humorous song for the piano or organ. Words by Frank Verdant; music by Mark Mason.

"A Starry Night for a Ramble." With brilliant variations, for the piano, by Charles Grobe. Op. 1072.

"Surprise Redowa." For the piano. By Fred Maxson.

"Acceptance Polka." By D. A. Dresher, author of the "Lehigh Polka."

"If My Wishes Would Come True." Song and chorus. Words by Alice Hawthorne; music by Sep Winner.

"Wherefore?" A Sentimental Ballad. For the piano or organ. Words and music by Sep Winner.

"The Swallow-Tail Coat." Humorous Ballad. Words by J. C. Williamson; music by Sep Winner.

FROM H. N. HEMPSTED, Publisher, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"The Musical Echo" for October, 1875, contains two very pretty songs, "The Days are Passing By," by W. F. Heath, and "You Will Forget Me." Words by Miss Ella Wheeler; music by D. C. Addison. In addition there are several good articles on topics of interest to musical people.

FROM DEXTER SMITH, Publisher, Boston.

"Dexter Smith's Paper" for October, 1875.

This excellent journal contains twelve pages, full sheet size, of the most popular vocal and instrumental music published in America and Europe, including songs, ballads, piano pieces, sonatas, nocturnes, waltzes, polkas, marches, etc. In addition there are ten pages of choice reading matter, making it one of the most popular journals of its kind.

FROM G. D. RUSSELL & Co., Boston.

"Zion." A Collection of Church Music. By W. O. Perkins. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co. J. R. Miller, 126 Tremont, opposite Park street.

Prof. Perkins has for some time been recognized as one of the leading authorities in the world of music. His works have long been popular, and have had wide circulation. The author's reason for presenting the public with this work is that "the growth of musical taste requires a corresponding change in the character of the music presented to the public, and he has endeavored to supply the demand in this respect." An unusual amount of space is devoted to anthems with solos, and "hymn-anthems." Nearly all the music of the work is new.

FROM H. L. BENHAM, Music Publisher, Indianapolis, Indiana.

"Benham's Musical Review." A monthly journal of music, art and literature.

We heartily recommend this journal to all who wish to get good music and choice reading matter at an exceedingly low rate—only one dollar and ten cents a year, post paid. The numbers for August and September received each contain ten pages of new music, beside twelve pages of miscellaneous reading matter, original and selected.

FROM WM. A. POND & Co., 547 Broadway, New York.

"Gavotte" (from "Don Juan"). By Christophe Ritter Von Gluck. Translated by Hermann John.

This is one of the gems from the American Concert Programme of Dr. Hans Von Bulow.

"The Blue and the Gray." Song and chorus. Dedicated to "Our Centennial." Words by Ed. Harrigan; music by Dave Braham. A Centennial song, very pleasant in sentiment.

"Billiards on the Brain." Words by Grace Carleton; music by A. Carom. A comic song, with an amusing and striking picture title-page.

"Near the Streamlet" (Au Bord du Ruisseau). Caprice. By E. De Knorre. A brilliant gem for the piano. Suitable for instruction, the parlor, or the concert room.

"Desolation" (La Desolazione). Melody for contralto or baritone. Composed by Guiseppe Lillo. Translated from the Italian and adapted by Theodore T. Barker.

"Dreaming Under the Elms." Romanza. For the piano. By E. C. Phelps. A reverie of surprising beauty and effectiveness, of medium difficulty, with an elegant steel plate title.

"Who's Dot Knockin' on de Oudside Gade?" Sheridan and Mack's new and original duet. Written and composed by John F. Sheridan. This song is being sung with great success by Messieurs Sheridan and Mack throughout the country, and is becoming a favorite.

"Heavenward." Song. By Berthold Tours. Words by Rea. One of the best of M. Tours' beautiful songs.

"Sleep, Baby, Sleep." Cradle song. Words from the German; music by A. H. Pease. Full of beauty and tenderness—a "home song," and as such will become an enduring favorite.

"Orpheus." A repository of music, art and literature. Published monthly by G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont street, Boston, and Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York. Subscription, $1.00 per annum. The number for October, 1875, is a very choice one, containing the following: "Don't Forget the Old Folks," by Henry Tucker; "She is Waiting for Us There." Words by W. Dexter Smith, Jr.; music by Frederick Buckley. And a great variety of excellent reading matter.

FROM WHITE, SMITH & Co., 515 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

"When the Sky in Rosy Hue." Song and chorus. Words by J. H. Porter; music by J. Budau. A very pleasing song.

"Marche Heroique." By H. G. Von Bulow. Op. 3.

"Emancipation Day." Humorous song. By C. St. John.

"The Flying Dutchman." Seventh grand galop de concert. For the piano. By Charles D. Blake, author of "Waves of the Ocean," etc.

"Come Weary Heart." Sacred song for contralto or baritone. Words and music by Louis C. Elson.

"Jolly Trumpeter's March." By C. A. White.

FROM W. W. WHITNEY, Toledo, Ohio.

"Whitney's Musical Guest" for October. Subscription price $1.10 per year, postage free. This work is entitled to a place in the front rank of musical magazines from the excellence of its musical and literary departments. The vocal publications of the present issue are "Little Laura Lee," by H. P. Danks, author of "Silver Threads among the Gold," and "Kick Him Down," a spirited song from "Silver Carols;" while the instrumental pieces are "Mosquito Waltz," by W. T. Giffe, and "Fluttering Heart Galop," by A. L. Von Myerhoff. The literary matter is unusally varied and interesting.

POSTSCRIPTS.

PAPER vest fronts are the latest novelties—but we won't invest.

TABLE salt is served in China dissolved in water, it being used in a fluid state.

IT has been figured out that we are to have twenty-six snow-storms this winter.

QUILLS are things that are sometimes taken from the pinion of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

NOTHING recalls to the mind of the married man the joys of his single life so vividly as to find that the baby has been eating crackers in bed.

A WOMAN is very like a kettle, if you come to think of it. She sings away so pleasantly—then she stops—and, when you least expect it, she boils over!

TWENTY cigars a head is the number annually manufactured for every man, woman and child in the United States. Forty years ago, two was the allowance.

THE "big gun" which has just been finished by England weighs, with its carriage, 120 tons, and is expected to send a shell weighing half a ton a distance of about eight miles.

EITHER because the native boys have nothing to make them lively and active, or for some other reason, New Zealand has appealed to England for an importation of bumble-bees.

LET tourists take notice and make their arrangements accordingly. First-class Chinese hotels have raised the price of board to twenty-eight cents per day. All bills payable weekly.

A HOTEL in Kansas has the following notice displayed in the bed-rooms: "Gentlemen wishing to commit suicide will please take the centre of the room to avoid staining the bed linen, walls and furniture with blood."

IT is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

CINCINNATI has an immense amount of trouble with her zoological garden. A little while ago a diminutive donkey kicked the lioness to death; then the donkey himself died, to the grief of a large number of citizens who had a fellow-feeling for him; and now a valuable leopard has escaped and taken up quarters in one of the city sewers.

GOLD is valued at $146 per cubic inch. At this rate a cubic foot of the precious metal, which contains 1728 cubic inches, will be worth about $252,288. The entire quantity of gold now known to be in existence is valued at about three thousand millions of dollars, so that if it were welded into one mass it could be contained in a cube, the side of which would not measure over 23 feet.

THE boxes of the Fifth Avenue, Theatre, New York, are gotten up after the royal fashion. The arm chairs are excellent in design, the lounges and sofas comfortable, not to say luxurious; the carpets are soft; the curtains rich and grateful to the touch, while the appointments include hat and cloak racks, ice water from a silver pitcher, and a liveried page in attendance.

FROM an advertisement of the year 1709 it would appear that the attire of a fashionable lady of that day consisted of "a black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; cherry-colored stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-colored damask gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian; muslin head-cloths with crowfoot edging; a black silk furbelowed scarf; and a spotted hood."

FACETIÆ.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

Wilt thou be mine, sweet maiden?
O, wilt thou be my bride?
My spirit, sorely laden,
For such a love has sighed!
Yet much as I admire thee,
I first would rather see
If all that I require thee
Thou likely art to be!
Thou'lt share my joy and sorrow,
Thou'l love me well and long?
Thou'lt teach my soul to borrow
Fresh comfort from thy song?
Ah, yes! but there is more, love,
That I of thee desire—
Which (as I said before, love)
I should of thee require.
Wilt never have cold mutton,
My appetite to hurt?
Wilt never let a button
Be missing from my shirt?
Wilt never let a hole be
Undarned in sock of mine?—
Then mistress of my soul be;
Sweet maid, I'm ever thine!

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—"Ah, well, Mrs. Jenkins, them as lives longest sees most, but as I often says to my old man, says I a kind word's an easy obligation, and goes a good deal further than a hob-nailed boot or a quart pot, says I."

"Oh, my life, my love, my sweetsy, may heaven's angels whisper golden words as they kiss your peachy cheeks!" wrote a lover to his sweetheart only eight weeks ago, and now he wishes the angels would whisper to him how his breach of promise suit is likely to end, as his lawyer frankly says *he* can't tell.

DINNER INVITATION.—"Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr. Maguire?" asked one Irishman of another.

"Faith, and I will, with all my heart."

"Remember, it's only to a family dinner I'm askin' you to."

"And what for not; a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?"

"Och, nothing uncommon; a elegant piece of corn beef and potatoes."

"By the powers, that beats the world! jist my dinner to a hair—*barring the beef!*"

SATISFIED IT WOULDN'T.—The other evening when Harper's train was approaching Lockland it parted in the middle, and the bell-rope snapped off like a thread, the end of it striking an old lady from Jasper on her bonnet and setting her nerves to play.

"What on earth's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat.

"Ugh! I should say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. "Did they s'pose such a nasty, trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

A NEW JERSEY granger heard a great noise among his chickens the other evening, and, thinking thieves were despoiling his roost, he rushed out with vengeance in his eye and a shot-gun in his hand, but discovered no one about. Then counting his fowls, instead of some being missing, he found six more than belonged to him. His eyesight being a little defective, he didn't discover till the next morning that he had counted six vigorous mosquitoes of the New Jersey brand, which had been accidentally fastened in the coop with his hens. "I thought they was rather too big for chickens when I counted 'em," he afterwards remarked.

A SECRET OF FINE LINEN.—"Jake, whar you git sich fine 'broidered shirts as dat you had on at de meetin' las' night?" asked Pete, as Jake stood at the post office door, trying to stick a bent brass pin into the back of his paper collar and anchor that article in position.

"You doesn't 'pear to 'preshiate my circu'stances, Pete."

"I no's dat you ain't yearned nuff money to buy de buttons on dat shirt sence I no'd ye—I 'preshiates dat," rejoined Pete.

"You's off de track, Pete, and dar you'll stay till your mudder gits ter be a washerwoman! You hear dat?"

Pete siguified that he had heard enough.

A PARTY of grammarians were arguing the question, "Is it right to say six and seven is eleven, or six and seven are eleven?" Some were certain "is" was right, while others insisted that "are" was right.

"Do you mean to say, sir," said one grammarian, very much excited, "that six and seven are eleven?"

"It are," replied another, equally excited.

Much confusion ensued, and a collision was feared between them. In fact, after conjugating each other sharply, and working themselves up to the superlative degree of wrathful mood, they did make a few passes at each other's heads. In the present tense of affairs, it was agreed to leave the question to a German friend, Chris Gerne, who stood by. Said one of them:

"Chris, which is right, to say six and seven is eleven, or six and seven are eleven?"

"Vich is recht?"

"Yes."

"Sex and seven is eleven, or sex and seven are eleven?"

"Yes, yes; that's it."

"Vy, you old fools, sex and seven bese dirteen!"

AN AWFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.—An old man living in the country called at the office of the gas company in Chicago the other day, having a two-quart pail in his hand, and asked:

"Is this where they sell gas?"

"Yes, sir, we can furnish you with gas," replied the clerk.

"Well," said the old man, as he pulled the cover off his pail, "I've heerd a good deal about gas, and my wife's heerd a good deal about gas, and I'll take two quarts along and try it. How much is it a quart?"

When he was informed that gas was a vapor, and the method of burning it was explained, he sighed and said:

"Hannah will be awfully disappointed."

"PAPA, did you see those nice little guns down to the store?" asked a little six-year old boy.

"Yes, Harry, I saw them; but I have so many children to feed and clothe that I cannot afford to buy you one," replied his father, seriously.

Little Harry glanced at the baby in the cradle with no loving expression on his face. Finally, he said:

"Well, papa, I'll tell you what you can do. You can swap little Tommy for a gun."

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

"America was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492." So said the "copy books" upon whose pages our youthful fingers left veracious, but not always legible records. So says all popular history, and so we would rather believe, since, so far as modern civilization is concerned, to the Genoese are owing all the benefits which have flowed from his wonderful exploit. The vast multitude, known by the generic name of "the ordinary reader," knows of no discoverer but Columbus, yet from an article entitled "Claims to the Discovery of America," in *The Galaxy* for October, it is seen that the researches of antiquarians have shown that to various nations, from the Egyptians downward, has been attributed the glory of sailing across the Atlantic Ocean to the continent upon the western shore. The claims of the Egyptians to this discovery arise from the wonderful resemblance which the pyramids, obelisks and sculptured remains of Mexico, Yucutan, and Central America bear to those of Egypt. Then it is said that the Tyrians discovered and colonized Mexico, in the year 332 B. C. By the advocates of this theory, the human sacrifices of the Aztecs are traced to a Tyrian origin. The antiquary, Lord Kingsborough, believed that the Jews colonized Mexico. He advocated this theory in the magnificent work in nine volumes, imperial folio, which he published in 1831-48, and which cost him thirty-two thousand pounds sterling in his life. Although many customs of the Mexicans bear a striking resemblance to those of the Jews, there is not sufficient foundation in this resemblance upon which to build a tenable theory of their Jewish origin. The Chinese claimed that America was discovered by a Buddhist missionary, named Hoei Shin, A. D. 499. He published an account of his journey and the people that he saw, some parts of which sound like a description of the inhabitants of Southern Mexico. The discovery of America by the Northmen, of which some account is given in several school histories, is believed to have taken place in the year 1000 of our era. The story of their explorations is derived from the Norse sagas or legends, the manner of whose construction renders interpolation impossible and removes all doubt of the authenticity of their accounts. Cruel and full of courage and daring, the Norsemen did not possess the energy, perseverance and forethought to occupy permanently and cultivate the land that they had discovered. The inscriptions upon the Leighton Rock and the old mill at Newport, once believed to be of Norse origin, are now believed to belong to even a more remote era. Even granted that other eastern men and even peoples saw America before 1492, this but adds to the glory of Columbus, who had the dauntless courage, wise forecast and lofty religious zeal not only to discover, but to follow up his discovery by occupation, and thus to make it the most wonderful event and greatest blessing of modern times.

A CLAMBAKE.

The following description of an Eastern clambake will, we doubt not, be of interest to many of our readers. To begin with, 600 bushels of clams were caught a day or two beforehand and kept in barrels of sand moistened with seawater. The excavation for the bake was 100 feet long and eight feet wide. The bottom of the excavation was covered with smooth boulders of from eight to twelve inches in diameter. On these boulders were piled fifteen cords of wood, which was saturated with coal oil to make it burn easily. Early in the morning the wood was set on fire, and during the forenoon burned to a mass of live coals. The coals and ashes were then removed, leaving the boulders at white heat. Then the cooking process began. First, the clams, 600 bushels, were spread on the hot stones to the thickness of four or five inches. They were then covered with fresh seaweed. On this were spread 1,500 lobsters, freshly caught, alive and kicking. These again were covered with seaweed. Then came a layer of 900 dozens ears of sweet corn and another layer of seaweed. This was followed by a layer of eggs, which were carefully laid over the surface. These again were covered with seaweed, and the whole with a huge piece of sail cloth. Thus disposed, the mass was left to cook. Great skill has to be exercised in arranging the materials and in so gauging the heat and time of cooking as to secure perfect work. When the bake was pronounced "done," it was uncovered and the contents taken in caskets and poured on the tables. In cooking, the shells of the clam become partially opened and are easily opened with the fingers. The clam being taken out smoking hot and juicy, its head is removed by a dexterous application of the thumb-nail, and it is then ready to be seasoned and swallowed. So great was the crowd on this occasion that the provisions were entirely consumed, and there was not a clam or lobster left to tell the tale. That the average New England stomach can retain and digest a hearty meal of roasted clams, lobsters, green corn and eggs is a striking evidence of its capacity and soundness.

METHODS OF AUTHORS.—The different methods our most distinguished authors employed in the composition of their works are worth mention. David Hume, for instance, wrote rapidly, but corrected slowly and laboriously, and his manuscripts are full of erasures. The erasures are few in the writings of Gibbon, as he made all his corrections in his mind, and never wrote a sentence until he had balanced and amended it to his entire satisfaction, either seated in his arm chair or walking in his balcony with the lake of Geneva below him. Dr. Adam Smith dictated to his clerk while walking slowly up and down his room. Hence it has been alleged that his sentences are nearly all of the same length, each containing exactly as much as the clerk could take down while the doctor took a single turn. In lecturing, he was more dependent than the generality of professors on the sympathy of his class. During a whole session a certain student, with a plain but expressive countenance, was of great use to him in judging of his success. He sat conspicuously in front of a pillar. He had him constantly in his eye. If he leaned forward to listen all was right, and he knew that he had the ear of his class; but if he leaned back in an attitude of listlessness, he felt at once that all was wrong, and that he must change either the subject or the style of his address.

SHAKSPEARE AS AN ACTOR.

Like many other dramatists of the early time—Munday, Chettle, Lodge, Kyd, Nash, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Dekker, and Rowley—he adopted sock and buskin as a means of making money, and it is probable that, like actors of all times, he had a favorable opinion of his own performances. He certainly was able to see through the tricks and devices with which more popular players captivated the "groundlings," and was doubtless one of the "judicious" whom these devices grieved. But in spite of his marvelous genius, in spite of the large flexibility of mind which could enable him to conceive great varieties of character, it is highly probable that he wanted the mimetic flexibility of organization which could alone have enabled him to personate what he conceived. The powers of conception and the powers of presentation are distinct. A poet is rarely a good reader of his own verse, and has never yet been a great personator of his own characters. Shakspeare doubtless knew—none knew so well—how Hamlet, Othello, Richard, and Falstaff should be personated, but, had he been called upon to personate them, he would have found himself wanting in voice, face and temperament. The delicate sensitiveness of his organization, which is implied in the exquisiteness and flexibility of his genius, would absolutely have unfitted him for the presentation of characters demanding a robust, vigorous, and a weighty animalism. It is a vain attempt to paint frescoes with a camel's hair brush. The broad and massive effects necessary to scenic presentation could never have been produced by such a temperament as his. Thus, even on the supposition of his having been a good drawing-room mime, he would have wanted the qualities of a good actor. And we have no ground for inferring that he was even a good drawing-room mime.

THE JEWS.

The Jews are in one sense the most interesting people in Palestine. Eighteen centuries ago they were driven from the home of their fathers, and yet they cling to its "holy places" still. They moisten the stones of Jerusalem with their tears; "her very dust to them is dear," and their most earnest wish is that the dust of their bodies should mingle with it. The tombs that whiten the side of Olivet tell a tale of mournful bereavement and undying affection unparalleled in the world's history.

The Jews of Palestine are foreigners. They have come from almost every country on earth. They live almost exclusively in the four holy cities, Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safet, and their number does not exceed 12,000—4,000 of whom reside in Jerusalem.

Altogether different from these are the Jews of Damascus and Aleppo, who have as good a right to the title of *natives* as any of the inhabitants of Syria. They are Arabs in language, habits, and occupations, in so far at least as religion will permit. Some of them are men of great wealth and corresponding influence. For generations they have been the bankers of the local authorities, and have often fearfully realized the strange fluctuations of Eastern life—now ruling a province, now gracing a pillory—at one time the all-powerful favorite, at another the disgraced and mutilated outcasts. The head of the chief Jewish family in Damascus was in the beginning of the present century, the banker and prime minister of the notorious Jezzar, Pasha of Acre. He was for a time the virtual ruler of a large section of Syria; but the scene soon changed. He first lost an eye because he was proud, then the nose because he was handsome, and lastly the head because he could not please his master! The Jews of Syria number about 15,000.

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COSTLY PERFUMES.—Dr. Rebatel, of Lyons, who travelled in 1874, in the regency of Tunis, makes mention in the narrative of his tour of two very costly perfumes that are manufactured at Spake's, a Mediterranean coast-town of that country. These perfumes are the essence of rose, and the essence of jessamine, the flowers being obtained from the gardens of the surrounding region. An ounce of the former, even at the place of manufacture, sells for from twenty to thirty dollars, while the same quantity of the jessamine essence costs forty-five dollars. Nearly two hundred and twenty pounds of roses and about five hundred and fifty of jessamines are needed to make an ounce of these essential oils. The principal markets for their sale are Tunis and Constantinople, where they are purchased for the use of the harems of those cities. Our belles, we fear, must continue to sigh in vain for these forty-dollars-an-ounce perfumes.

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Before investing in anything whatever, lottery, stocks, lands, etc., etc., send for one of our circulars, which will give full information FREE. Address,
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Prof. Hall's Magic Compound is the only preparation, one package of which will force the beard or grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days in every case, or money cheerfully refunded. 25 cents per package, postpaid; 3 for 50 cents. E. W. JONES, Ashland, Mass.

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THE BOUDOIR.

There has been quite a long and well-maintained struggle between the opposing forces of the dressmaking world as to whether the costume suitable to the promenade, church-wear, etc., should be permitted to continue its encroachments upon the lawful territory of the full toilette for the saloon—the reception and like occasions. Great license has certainly been given to the promenade costume, which at one time was only considered appropriate for out-door attire. In our independent America, where court etiquette and stately ceremonies incident to the pomp of royalty are things unknown, this discussion interests us far less than it does our sisters "across the pond." All of the newly acquired republicanism of Paris cannot efface certain aristocratic etiquette concerning the fitness of attire to the occasion. Hence the commotion. Be warned, fair readers, you who sympathize with the movement. The walking dress must be made a little longer (neatness forbid!)—yet such is the decree. Also it must not be worn to receptions, for dinner, and the like ceremonious occasions. Also remember that flatness and thinness of appearance are absolutely necessary to a graceful presence. This is "the day" of the tall, slender daughters of Eve who, as a general thing, are so persistently snubbed and over-ridden by their more plump sisters.

There is much sense displayed in the high place which black costumes still hold in the esteem of the dress artists. So many of the new costumes are of black silk and velvet combined, black silk plain with matelasse intermingled, and, for modest costumes, black silk and cashmere.

A very elegant toilette of silk and velvet was made with an underskirt of velvet, untrimmed; a deep, square apron of silk, embroidered and trimmed around the edge with deep fringe; a puff with sash ends of velvet at the back; a sleeveless cuirass of silk with velvet sleeves; a deep-pointed pocket or ammoniere on the left side of the apron overskirt.

A handsome costume of camels' hair, combined with silk, was made with the lower skirt of dark blue or brown silk, with a plaited flounce at the bottom, headed by a deep puff and standing ruffle. The overdress was of gray camels' hair, shot with brown, and was made a deep square apron. It was edged with a band of ostrich feathers in the natural colors, below which was a deep netted fringe. The upper part of the costume consisted of a tight cuirass of camels' hair, with silk sleeves, over which was worn a Dolman of camels' hair trimmed to accord with the overdress. Hat of gray felt, with wide fur rim, the right side caught up and held in place by a silver dagger, the left turned down and kept in place by folds of the scarf which encircled the hat; plume of ostrich feathers in the natural shades, and large crimson rose, with cluster of hanging buds on rubber stems, tied in a loose knot. Despite the prediction to the contrary, the masque veil is still worn, sometimes of dotted tulle and as often of plain white tulle.

There are many simple costumes shown in debeges, mohairs, Algerines and camels' hair serge. These are generally made up in combination with some plaided material, and have the Louis Sixteenth basque of plaid, with deep vest of the plain; sleeves of the plain material.

In overskirts the newest thing is called the "drapery" skirt. It may consist of one, two, or three scarfs of different widths, which are pleated and sewn on the underskirt in front. They are then drawn back and tied in a loose knot and ends in a bow. These successive bows or knots, when several scarfs compose the overdress, are very effective.

Very beautiful fichus and large shoulder kerchiefs are shown in white and tinted crepe de Chine, handsomely embroidered and fringed.

Belts of flat links of gilt, or silver-gilt, have a thick ribbon run through them.

Ammonieres of openwork metal or silver plate, are lined with deep blue or cardinal red silk, and are made only large enough to hold the handkerchief, and are suspended by two chains from the belt.

Dog-collars of velvet, studded with amethysts and cameos, are very fashionably worn; also silver and gilt ones.

Plush hats, it is said, will be revived this winter.

The deep mantles and round cloaks of last winter, lined with fur, that were so deservedly popular, are again shown. They will be dearer, though, this winter.

A charming dress for a little girl of eight was shown us the other day. It was made of plum-colored merino, embroidered in pale blue; the underskirt kilt plaited; the upper skirt made in one with the waist, which was box pleated. Down every pleat in the middle was a fine line of embroidery. A small but dainty Dolman, beaded in the chest and shoulder part, and lined with pale blue silk, also embroidered to correspond with the rest of the attire, happily completed it.

Among the latest importations in jewelry is a shawl pin in yellow and red gold. The head of the pin is a rare floral design in the yellow gold, and has small, faceted red balls, dexterously interwoven.

Spanish combs are still fashionable, the newest and prettiest being those inlaid with pearl, steel and gilt.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MINELTA.—The article you desire can be obtained for you, and sent by mail, post paid, for one dollar and fifty cents. You can send money for its purchase by mail, in a registered letter, or by post office order. We are very much indebted for your kind opinion of the POST, and assure you it is a pleasure to answer your questions or execute your commissions.

R. M. LEEDS, Kansas City.—The suit of cashmere and silk will be very pretty, and can be effectively gotten up. Have the underskirt trimmed with a flounce and puff. Make a deep apron overskirt, with drapery back; a sleeveless cuirass of cashmere, with puffed sleeves of silk. Get a black felt hat with fur border, turn up one side, and down the other, and have a black scarf, shot with cardinal, twisted about the crown; a deep-red wing, and long, well-curled, black ostrich feathers; a cluster of white and small scarlet chrysanthemums under the brim at the right of the back.

NISON.

OUR ZOO.

The Aviary is, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, a highly ornamental and substantial building, and exceedingly convenient withal, put up by the Zoological Society at a cost of a little over $5000.

Though not spacious enough for the future wants of the Garden, it answers admirably for the present, there being ample space for all the feathered inmates as yet. As the number increases, a better classification will have to be made, which will necessitate a separation, and then it is intended to erect a second Aviary.

In the Aviary, at present, are to be seen rare and beautiful birds from all parts of the Old as well as the New World; but as the Society's collection is not yet completed, and additions are being constantly made, we can only in the brief space here at our command, mention some of the most interesting of the specimens which are to be here found.

Among the larger birds are what are called the Native Companion, an inhabitant of Australia, a very stately and elegant bird, so called from its being found there strutting about among the people, in the streets of the towns and cities.

A Crowned Pigeon, a native of Java, New Guinea and the Moluccas, the only living specimen in America.

The Blue Heron; the Curassow; the Bittern; two different species of Peacocks, the Java and the Indian; Golden and Silver Pheasants; Laughing Jackasses, the most curious of all the Australian birds, so called from its note, which singularly resembles the bray of the jackass; three beautiful varieties of Macaws, Red and Blue, Blue and Yellow, and Red and Yellow, most gorgeous birds, whose loud noise compensates for the absence of voice in so many of the feathered tribe; Parrots and Cockatoos, of whom the collection in the Aviary is particularly fine, not forgetting the beautiful little Parrakeets, in themselves a very interesting family, consisting of over sixty distinct species; the Finch family, which is largely represented; the Weaver bird, so remarkable from the peculiar edifice which it builds for itself by a process of weaving; Pigeons and Doves of all kinds.

The Society's collection of waterfowl is very fine, though yet far from being complete. Among the most beautiful are the Black Swan and White Swan. The former is a native of Australia, and though once thought to be an ornithological fiction, is almost as familiar to naturalists as the white species. We noticed also the Muscovy Duck, Widgeon, Canvas Back, Brent Goose, Bantum Fowls, Turkeys, Guinea Fowls, etc. The above are the names of only a few of the most striking of the birds in the Garden, and will give the reader a faint idea of the progress already made in the collection.

Adjoining the Aviary are the Fox Pens, in which are specimens of the Red, Gray, Silver, Arctic and the Cross Fox. Of these, the pretty little Arctic Fox deserves especial mention, as also the Cross Fox, the others being familiar to all.

The Arctic Fox is found in Lapland, Iceland, Siberia and Kamtschatka, and is eagerly sought for on account of its beautiful silky fur, which in summer is gray or dirty white, and in winter perfectly white. The skin of the Cross Fox, so named from a dark band across the shoulders, is next to that of the Silver Fox, the most valuable in commerce.

Adjoining the Fox Pens are the Wolf Pens, containing specimens of the Prairie Wolf, the Common Wolf, and the Gray Wolf.

The Elephant House is only a temporary home for these immense beasts, it being the intention to erect forthwith, at a cost of thirty-three thousand dollars, permanent buildings for these and other Pachydermata. There are at present only two Elephants in this building, one—the famous "Empress"—having lately died, her age being thought to be over one hundred years!

We must just briefly mention other adjacent buildings, such as the Eagle Aviary, in which are many noble specimens of these interesting birds, including the Golden Eagle, Bald Eagle, Java Eagle, etc.; the Deer Enclosure, in which are at present the American species only; the Bison Sheds, where five specimens are to be seen; the Bear Pits, described in a previous number of the POST; the Carnivora House, also previously described; and the Prairie Dog Village, which is directly opposite the aviary.

These cunning rodents are about the most interesting of all the animals in the Zoo, and their "Dog Town" is always a source of wonder and amusement to visitors. When they were first introduced into the Garden, their enclosure was walled to a distance of some ten or twelve feet deep, but such burrowers are the Dogs, that they have undermined their wall, and a new, deeper and larger enclosure has been prepared.

The Zoological Garden of Philadelphia is the only one in the world which embraces a Prairie Dog Village.

A POSTAL CARD COURTSHIP.

BY MODEST MUSE.

A postal card this message bore:
"Dear Betsy Jane, you I adore.

Now Uncle Sam, 'git up and git,'
And take this card to whom 'tis writ."

Then Uncle Sam gat up and went,
And took the card to whom 'twas sent.

The maiden opened wide her eyes,
And read the card with glad surprise.

Then quick replied this lovely belle:
"Dear, dearer, dearest Joe, du tell!"

Joe thought he would and wrote once more:
"Dear Betsy Jane, you I adore."

Again with love her words did swell,
Dear, dearer, dearest Joe, du tell!"

The old, old story is the same.
For love lit is a quenchless flame.

It needs but this to make it roar,
To oft repeat, "You I adore."

The cards passed swiftly to and fro,
'Twixt Betsy Jane and her dear Joe.

And all the messages they bore,
Were "du tell," and "you I adore."

Till one day Joe to Betsy went,
And took the card he might have sent.

She screamed, as in his arms she fell,
"Dear, dearer, dearest Joe, du tell!"

* * * * *

Ye postmaster will never know
What Betsy heard from her dear Joe,

And what she said will ne'er be given
On postal cards, this side of heaven.

ANCHOR WATCH YARNS.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

OLD JACK'S STORY.

BY LIEUT. H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

The day had been very severe, and the black, glossy hull of the United States revenue cutter Dolphin was enveloped in a thick coating of ice. Bobstays, fore and main chain plates, and the water line were cased in solid masses of tough, unyielding ice.

All through the day the cutter had been beating to windward in hopes to have fetched headquarters, but was forced to anchor at dusk a few miles to leeward of the old, quaint town containing the families and all the officers held dear.

It was the 21st of February, and the group about the stern on the berth deck was larger than usual.

"Well, shipmates, this is the last night of the cruise, for to-morrow we will be swingin' to the buoy, if nothing happens. The officers are makin' ready for a big blow-out, and are goin' to give a dinner in honor of the day."

"Why, what's in the wind to-morrow, boatswain?"

"To-morrow, Cati, is Washington's birthday, the greatest man that ever was launched in this country."

"Except Paul Jones, boatswain—there's no one can take the wind out of *his* sails, to my manner of thinkin'."

"That's so, I didn't think of him. What a pity their birthdays don't come together."

"Paul Jones was not born in this country," said the gunner, quietly, who was looked upon as the authority of the berth deck, having received a very fair education. "He was an adopted citizen of the United States."

"Well, it's all the same. He believed in the hunting and the old thirteen, and made old England tremble in spite of her boasted wooden walls and hearts of oak. It's a pity a few more just like him are not walking the quarterdeck to-day with a commission stowed away in their pockets. But belay all, or we shall not hear old Barnacle's yarn here."

"Well, shipmates, I am not much given to talkin', do ye see, because I took to salt water airly in life, but I thinks as how I can reel off a bit of a yarn, if you are all of a mind."

And the old gray-haired veteran ran his fingers through the thin silvery locks which had been bleached and thinned out on every known sea on the face of the globe.

All crowded around to listen, for it was seldom that old Jack Barnacle favored anyone with glimpses of his wild, roving career.

Clearing his throat, which seemed more husky and foggy than ever, the old tar commenced as follows:

A number of years ago, afore most of ye here had cast adrift from yer mamma's moorings, I was down on the articles as boy aboard of the old brig Nancy, tradin' from Bombay to the Persian Gulf. I disremembers the date we were becalmed off the island of Beyt, but I remembers full well what followed in the wake of that ere lack of wind.

We had a small crew, four white men, captain and mate, myself and two Lascars who had been shipped by the captain, because, do ye see, they were cheap, and the "old man" owned a plank or two in the old hooker.

Well, as I was saying, we were becalmed off the island, and, as night set in, it become closer and more sultry like. The sails were a-beatin' and bangin' about, so the old man, with an eye for his pocket, clewed up the light kites, and hauled up the courses. The chart put the current down as settin' off the land, so we all turned in after eight bells, and I reckon even the man at the wheel took a pretty long wink.

I had curled myself up on the end of a spare topmast, and was "bonsin'" it off, for we had been hard at it all day, tack and tack, and all hands were well nigh tired out.

The sea was smooth as a mill pond, and once, as I roused up to take a look around, I noticed that a slight haze had scum over the heavens, through which the stars were shinin' dimly. There was no moon, and the land loomed up sullen and dark like. I imagined I heard the boom of the surf, and thought we must be a-gettin' close in shore, but I was too sleepy to notice much, beside I was young, and a happy-go-lucky dog at that time.

The mate, poor fellow, overcome by heat and long watches, was stretched out fast asleep on the hencoop, and as I coiled myself down on the end of the spar again, I saw one of the Lascars go aft to the man at the wheel, who he offered to relieve, and the offer was gladly accepted. The lookout had been taken by the other Lascar, who had rolled up his mat and pillow and stowed them away.

I could not help wonderin' what had got into the Lascars' figureheads all of a sudden, for, do ye see, shipmates, they had been looked upon as sort of niggurs, who got more kicks than pennies from the old man down. They had been at everybody's beck and call, and a dog's life they led from daylight to dark. But a change was comin', a fearful change, and a bloody reckonin' for all they had endured. Their natures were like a tiger or a half-smothered volcano.

Floating through my brain as I slept I heard a confused sort of hum. I must have been half awake, I reckon, but it's hard for me to tell now.

I imagined I heard the gurgle of water and the light dashin' of spray as the old brig forged ahead. "A breeze has sprung up," I muttered, "and we are standin' off shore."

Louder and more distinct came a regular clank, clank, like some boat pulling. With a start, mingled with a feeling of dread such as ye might experience after a nightmare, I awoke.

Gazing about me I saw the crew slumberin' quietly, while the pale light from the stars streamed upon their upturned faces. The clouds had drifted away, and a light breeze filled the folds of canvass falling from the old brig's yards. The roar of the surf came booming to my ears with great distinctness, and the strange click I had heard when half awake now sounded plainer than ever. The island loomed up far above our mastheads, and at a glance I saw we were close to the beach.

Stealing along under the deep shadows cast by the hills I made out two large boats filled with men, pulling directly for the old Nancy, and at the same time I beheld a "dhotu" floating out, ghastly white, from the pole of the royal mast.

I saw at a glance the meanin' of it all, the Lascars relievin' the tired sailors was a blind to work their keerds, and they had not been idle. The signal had been answered by the friends of the treacherous rascals, and there was not a moment to lose.

I turned to run aft, where the mate, all unconscious, was still sleeping, but a grip of iron closed on my windpipe, while a pair of black, tiger-like eyes glared into mine with a sort of glint that made my hair curl.

"Lay quiet, sahib, or your life will pay the penalty," hissed one of the Lascars; and with my throat jammed in his huge flipper, I was forced to comply.

I had shown some little kindness to the two natives, which acts now stood me in good need, for they saved my life.

With a terrible shock the boat struck the doomed vessel, and the crew sprang to their feet, only to be cut down by the sharp scinde or keen tulwar of the pirates. A horde of black, howling savages crowded the deck, and every moment added to their numbers.

Well, shipmates, I reckon you kin all guess what followed in the wake of these devils. I don't like to go over that part of the yarn, and my memory is not clear regardin' it. The smell of blood, and the awful shouts of the black demons must have frightend me into a faint.

When my figurehead became clear again, I was the only white man aboard the old Nancy, all the rest had lost the number of their mess, and there I was, a poor lone boy, a captive among 'em.

They sailed the old craft up a creek, where she was completely land locked, her keel took bottom, and the old craft was soon stripped to a girt-line.

Their town lay close along the shores of the creek, and as an act of courtesy like, I was handed over by one of the Lascars to the chief of the gang who kept me in tow as sort of a body servant.

For three long years I toiled and slaved with these devils without ever once getting a chance to give 'em the slip, and I kept my weather-eye open, you can depend.

Now, do ye see, shipmates, in these days I was more of a slipper build than I am now, and my figure head was a purty piece of work as ye—"

At this point, the old seaman's yarn was interrupted by an audible giggle issuing forth from a dark corner of the birth deck.

"What do ye find to haw-haw about, you lubberly swab," growled the indignant seaman as he peered into the gloom. "Afore some of ye run bout of my hause, ye had better lose sight once of the smoke of ye daddy's chimney. Serve a dog watch on salt water, afore you laughs at the likes of me."

"Never mind the laugh, Jack, they are only envious because they aint so purty as you is," chimed in the boatswain, anxious to appease the old sailor's wrath.

"I will wind up in a few words now, and turn in for its my watch at four bells. The last year of my stay among the devils, I sheered alongside of a trim built little craft, who had been making signals to me for some time. Talk about yer figure heads, shipmates, now she did have one, the purtiest one ye ever seed. Well, it was through her I finally got away.

It happened this ways.

Early one morning, I had turned out to perform my work, when I was taken all aback by seeing my little clipper step out all of a sudden from a clump of bushes, with a paddle which she handed to me. In a rapid whisper, she told me that a ship had dropped anchor off the mouth of the creek, and to make the most of my time.

My heart beat some, shipmates, as I neared the beach, and I scarcely dared to take a squint around. I trembled so as I launched a canoe that I almost lost my paddle, but I soon gained confidence, and sent the little craft bounding along with the speed of an arrow.

I gained the ship without excitin' alarm, told my story, and the captain lost no time in makin' an off'ing. I kin tell ye. She was the Oriental of Calcutta, bound along the coast on a tradin' trip. It was sometime afore I fetched the old homestead agin, and when I dropped under the lee of the old house, it was only to find my old father and mother under hatches, and I given up for lost. My brothers and sisters had divided my share of the property, and I met with nothing but black looks for fear, I reckon, I might put in a claim—Seeing I wasn't welcome, I cut loose from 'em all, and from that day to this, they have never seen or heard of Jack Barnacle."

"Did you miss yer little clipper with the purty figure head, Jack?" enquired one of the men in the back ground.

"Is it the reason ye never spliced agin?" said another, but the old fellow with a grunt of contempt, turned into his hammock, taking no notice of his tormentors.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

TO PRESERVE ice-water, make a hat-shaped cover of two thicknesses of paper, with cotton batting half an inch thick, between. Place over the entire pitcher.

A PROJECT is on foot among European artillerists to have a steel gun manufactured 32½ feet long, weighing 224 tons, and firing a shell of 2,270 pounds weight with 440 pounds of powder.

A PERMANENT and handsome reddish color may be given to cherry or pear tree wood by a coat of a strong solution of permanganate of potash, left on a longer or shorter time, according to the shade required.

VEGETABLE DIET.—Dr. Carpenter is inclined to believe that a purely vegetable diet, if it contains a due proportion of oleaginous matter, is capable of maintaining the physical powers of the body at their highest natural elevation, even under the exposure to the extreme of cold.

IT IS NOT commonly known that it is dangerous to let vinegar come in contact with zinc. A French chemist examined some vinegar taken by persons suffering from poisoning, and found 3.2 parts of zinc in 100 parts of the liquid. It had been kept for some time in a zinc vessel.

NITRO-GLYCERINE is now largely made from the fatty waste of stearine and soap-factories. Its density, which is 1.6, water being 1, enables it to exercise its tremendous force, for in a given bulk there is 60 per cent. more gaseous matter than would be contained in it were it only of the density of water.

PROF. FRITZ finds that the seasons when hail is most frequent are those when spots on the sun are most numerous. On the other hand in years when the spots are at their minimum, hail is rare or absent. Also, when the aurora is very frequent during the winter, frequent hail-storms occur in the following summer.

IT is recommended to introduce a piece of zinc into a boiler to prevent the formation of incrustations. A galvanic current is set up, the zinc is acted upon and the iron is protected against oxidation and corrosion. At the same time the mineral constituents of the water are thrown down as a fine loose mud and not as hard stone.

M. CORNU finds that, in the case of an achromatic telescope, the object-glass of which is formed of a convergent lens of crown glass and a divergent lens of flint glass, this object-glass may be formed into one capable of giving satisfactorily distinct photographic images, by separating the two lenses to an extent dependent on the nature of the two glasses—a method which, in fact, was originally devised by Rutherford. With the glasses used in optics, a separation of one and one-half per cent. of the focal distance of the object-glass is sufficient, and the chemical focus is then very near the optic focus. Using a superior telescope of about four feet focal length, and separating the object-glasses by 0.6 of an inch, he succeeded in photographing a divided scale placed at over one hundred feet distance.

A MARVELOUS piece of mechanism in the way of clocks has just been exhibited in Paris. It is an eight-day instrument, with dead beat escapement maintaining power. It chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, plays three tunes every twelve hours, or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows: One, once a minute, one, once an hour; one, once a week; one, once a month; one, once a year. It shows the moon's age, the rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low water, half-ebb and half flood, and, by a beautiful contrivance, there is a part which represents the water, which rises and falls, lifting some ships at high-water tide as if they were in motion, and, as it recedes, leaves these little automaton ships dry on the sand. The clock shows the hour of the day, day of the week, day of the month, there is a provision made for the long and short months. It shows the signs of the zodiac; it strikes or not, chimes or not, as may be desired; and it has the equation table, showing the difference between clock and sun time every day in the year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Timely Rescue. A Sister's Story. The Stolen Bracelet. Getting Married. Sister Therese. Treasure in Heaven. "When all around our Path is Dreary." The Present Life.

J. H. W.—To get rid of the pimples and blotches on your face, touch them with spirits of turpentine once in six hours and they will soon take themselves away. To bring them on again, all that is necessary is to touch a little "spirits and water."

ELMA.—In addressing the Boudoir simply direct your letter to "The Fashion Editress," and it will be handed over to the lady who has charge of that department. 2. Most certainly, a girl of fourteen is too young to fall in love; four years later will be quite time enough. 3. We are utterly at a loss as to what the figure which you drew in your letter means.

H. A. W. (Goshen, N. Y.)—Our opinion of all lotteries is that they are excellent places to put money in, but the poorest of all places to get money out of. Investing in lotteries is about as wise a transaction as planting thistles with the hope of reaping wheat. We must, therefore, decline giving you any information that will help you to throw away your money in such a quicksand.

N. C. D. (Du Page Co., Ills.)—You ask us "What is the best mechanical paper for a mechanic to take?" Rather a vague kind of a question, in the first place, and if there was only one such paper, we might answer your question. But as there are numbers of them, each adapted to certain tastes and requirements, we could not possibly declare any one of them to be the best.

CARRINGTON (Cambridge).—Yes; we are at all times ready and willing to execute any commissions, in the purchasing line, for any of our readers who may be desirous of applying to us. The following are the prices at which we will send the books you name, postpaid: Chatterbox for 1875, $1.25; St. Nicholas, $2.74; Little Folks, $1.25; Child's Own Book, $1.50; Swiss Family Robinson, $1.50; Santa Claus Land, by Amanda M. Douglas, $1.50.

LOUISA.—The following is an excellent restorative for the hair, and will prevent its falling out: To two parts (by measure) of the best olive oil, add one of spirits of wine, or of good rum; put them in a bottle and shake well together. With this anoint the head well morning and evening. For the first two weeks it should be well rubbed in with a piece of flannel; after that time care must be taken not to injure the young hair by a too violent application of the restorative.

MUSIC TEACHER.—The largest organ in the world is in Albert Hall, London, and was built by Henry Willis, in 1870. It contains 133 stops, 4 manuals, and nearly 10,000 pipes, all of which are of metal. The wind is supplied by steam power. Thirteen couplers connect or disconnect the various subdivisions of the organ at the will of the performer. The next largest is the organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which has 100 stops and 4 manuals. The largest organ in America is in the Music Hall, Boston, built by Walcker, of Ludwigsburg; it has 4 manuals, 80 stops, and 4,000 pipes.

J. P. (Moline, Ills.)—"I come to you for assistance and advice on a somewhat delicate matter, and hope you can tell me what to do. The truth is this: there is a young lady whom I have been visiting for some time, but who I am afraid sometimes does not care so much for me as for another gentleman. How am I to gain her affections?" Really this is a question which it is almost impossible for us to answer, not knowing the lady, and even if we had that pleasure, we don't see that we could tell you. One thing, however, you might do, and if there is anything which we can at this moment think of as being the most favorable to turn the scales in your favor, it is this, viz.: to order the POST, and our Chromo handsomely mounted and framed, to be sent to her address. Try it, at all events.

FRA DIAVOLO (Baltimore)—Who was the mother of Cresus we are not informed; his father's name was Alyattes, and he succeeded him as the fifth and last king of Lydia, 567 B. C. 2. Emanuel Swedenborg, founder of the Church of New Jerusalem, and from whom his followers take their name of Swedenborgians, was born in Stockholm in 1688, and carefully educated by his father, bishop of Skara, in W. Gothland, in the doctrines of the Lutheran Church. He was one of the most distinguished men of science of the eighteenth century, and was ennobled in 1719 for his high attainments, and for a great engineering feat he performed in transporting, over a mountainous district, several galleys and boats for service at the siege of Frederickshall. It was not till 1745 that he retired from public life, when, as he himself said, a new era of his life commenced, and he was permitted to hold intercourse with the inhabitants of the invisible world.

LOVER OF SEA STORIES.—Frederick Marryat, author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," etc., was born in London, July 10th, 1792, and entered the British naval service as a midshipman, on the frigate Imperieuse, at fourteen years of age, and participated in fifty engagements, in one of which he was seriously wounded. He was distinguished for his skill and bravery, and on five different occasions jumped over board and rescued sailors from drowning. He served on the North American coast in 1812-15, and in the latter year was made a commander. At the age of forty he commenced his literary career, and produced a large number of novels in rapid succession. In 1837 he published a code of signals for the merchant service, which was adopted in England and other countries. In 1838 he made a tour of the United States, and in the following year published his "Diary in America." He died in Norfolk, England, August 2d, 1848. We think that for vigor of dialogue and graphic description the nautical stories of Marryat have never been surpassed.

S. T. B. (Columbus.)—Instead of thinking that the young lady to whom you are engaged does not love you because she won't allow you to kiss her, and because she calls you Mr. ——, instead of by your first name with "darling" or "dearest" before it, we should be disposed to think all the more highly of her. During the period that intervenes between forming an engagement and marriage, the behavior of the lady towards the gentleman on whom she has bestowed her affections should be marked by modesty and dignity, respect and kindness. She should, on the one hand, not give him any reason to doubt the sincerity of her love by being too reserved or cold; on the other, she should not allow any familiarities—remembering ever the old and true adage that "Familiarity breeds contempt." The lady in this instance may be, perhaps, a little too strict in her deportment, but it is a mistake, if it can be called one, in the right direction, and we are of opinion that you are doing her very great injustice by misinterpreting it into an idea that she does not love you as sincerely as she professes and you believed her to do.

OBSERVER is very curious to know if our correspondents are really ignorant and anxious on subjects which to him appear trifling. He is taking too partial a view of the case. Our country contains a great variety of minds, placed under a great variety of circumstances. The mental powers of one may quickly grasp subjects which others are unable to comprehend. One may be so situated as to gain a variety of information which another has no means of obtaining. One may feel utter reliance on his judgment in cases where others are fearful of trusting to their own powers of reasoning. Some are accustomed to rely only on themselves, others to depend largely or entirely upon their friends. In fact no one person has a right to doubt the sense or judgment of another without some knowledge of the circumstances of that other's life. It is best to cultivate a spirit of charity for the weaknesses of our neighbors, for none of us know what weak spots, invisible to ourselves, these neighbors may see in us. We doubt not that Observer may be lacking in some particulars which would make him appear strangely ignorant to others who have, all their lives, been conversant with these points.

W. A. R. (Minersville.)—"Is it really true that nothing will sink in the Dead Sea? I heard it contradicted the other day by a gentleman who seemed to speak as if he knew all about it, yet I always before was under the impression that the statement was true." The waters of the Dead Sea are dense, bitter, and heavily charged with salt, so that bodies float in it with greater buoyancy than in other seas. In bathing in the Dead Sea, a person experiences difficulty in keeping partially submerged, and a man may float in it breast high without exertion. Mr. Madden, a traveler, bathed in this sea; he could "lie like a log of wood on the surface without stirring hand or foot, but with much exertion he could dive sufficiently deep to cover all his body, when he was again thrown on the surface in spite of his endeavors to descend lower." On coming out of the water Mr. Madden found his body coated with an incrustation of salt about the thickness of a three cent nickel. It has been asserted that no species of the animal kingdom can live in the Dead Sea; nevertheless, in a message to the French Academy of Sciences, Mr. Farrel, who accompanied the Duke of Luynes to Palestine, in 1866, affirms that he "distinctly saw a number of small fishes that seemed to thrive very well."

MISCELLANEOUS.—C. D., Jr. (Fort Madison, Iowa.)—The company about whom you enquire is perfectly trustworthy and reliable. We are very much pleased to hear you think "the POST is the *best* literary paper published." We think so too. FORSAKEN WIFE.—Your husband can be compelled to give bonds to provide for your maintenance on your applying to the County court. S. H.—The Prince of Wales made the tour of the States and Canada in 1860.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.